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THE STANDARD.

THE BOSTON MOB

OF FIVE THOUSAND

GENTLEMEN OF "PROPERTY AND STANDING,"

October 21, 1835.

In accordance with a call issued by a Committee of Arrangements, the Anti-Slavery friends in Boston and vicinity assembled at Stacy Hall, 46 Washington street, Codman's Block (the identical spot which was the scene of the ever-memorable outbreak of 1835), on Sunday, the 21st October, at 2 o'clock, P.M. The weather was exceedingly unpropitious, but the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the ante-rooms leading to it were crowded with eager and interested listeners. Seldom is it the privilege and blessing of any man to look upon such a concourse of noble men and devoted, self-sacrificing women; and the spectacle, with the solemn and deeply interesting proceedings of the occasion, will not, we have faith to believe, be without an abiding and beneficent influence upon the hearts of all present.

At about half-past two o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who said—

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is a stormy day to-day, and it was a very stormy day twenty years ago this day. The storm of to-day is of the Lord—it is well; the storm twenty years ago was of the Adversary—it was ill. I think, if I were to take your suffrages as to the man who, of all others, ought to preside—to have the honour, allow me to say, to preside—on this occasion, you would all agree that it is the man who, after the Female Anti-Slavery Society was driven from this place, offered them the use of his house, at the risk of having it pulled down over his head. I allude to our friend Francis Jackson. He "still lives," and long may he live; and I propose that he preside on this occasion. Those who are in favour of this proposition will manifest it.

The motion of Mr. Garrison was carried by a unanimous vote, and Mr. Jackson came forward and took the chair. He said:

Friends—I am glad to meet you at the old homestead. It was here that one of the mile-stones of the Anti-Slavery movement was erected, and a very important one it is. It marks the progress of the Anti-Slavery movement; it also marks a most disgraceful spot in the history of Boston.

Twenty years ago this day, I ascended this flight of stairs amidst riotous men, who came to break up an Anti-Slavery meeting, and insult the ladies who held it. That most disgraceful mob effected its object, with the assistance of the Mayor of the city, and the Anti-Slavery ladies were compelled to leave their own hall, and pass out through a long lane of ruffians dressed in broadcloth; and they were reviled and insulted as they passed along.

After this gallant achievement of the mob of "gentlemen of property and standing," they made an onset upon the sign-board of the Anti-Slavery office, and soon tore it down, and threw it upon the pavements. The mob roared and stamped upon it like wild beasts, and soon broke it in pieces.

The most prominent person who was engaged in tearing down the sign was a well-known merchant, who then kept a store on Central Wharf.

I had some words with several persons well known to me, relative to the disgraceful transactions going on before us. I expressed to them my abhorrence at such outrageous conduct; but I was met by a shake of the head. They said that the Abolitionists had outraged public opinion long enough; they did not approve of mobs; but then, the Abolitionists deserved to be rebuked.

The principal triumphs of the mob were the breaking-up of the Anti-Slavery meeting and the dispersion of the ladies; the destruction of the sign-board, and the capture of the Editor of *The Liberator*. No ropes were used about the ladies or the sign-board. Not so with friend Garrison; he was too dangerous a man to go unroped or unimprisoned. The prison was thought to be the fittest place for him, and he was locked up in Leverett street jail. He will, however, make his own statement of what befell him.

The outrageous conduct of the mob being upheld by public sentiment, the shopkeepers in the lower part of the building became much alarmed for the safety of their goods, and were very desirous to have the Anti-Slavery office removed from the building. The Society was in debt, their office rent over due, and they feared they might be ejected by their landlord, as summarily as the ladies were by the mob. They therefore mustered gold enough to make a legal tender for their over-due rent, and thus put themselves legally, as they always had been morally, right.

I will not, however, occupy your time with these small details. There are other friends present who will interest you more than I can. I see many of the members of the Female Anti-Slavery Society here, and I should be glad to hear from them, as I saw how they were insulted that day. I would therefore invite them to speak, if it is only a few words; it would be very gratifying to hear from them.

Mr. Garrison. The President of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, Miss Mary Parker, has long since gone to her heavenly home. She it was who prayed, while the mobocrats in the hall were jeering and threatening violence—she it was who prayed, in a clear and unfaltering voice, thanking God, that while there were many to molest, there were none to make afraid. One of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, Mrs. Thankful Southwick, one of the earliest and most faithful friends we have had in the cause, is present with us, and I hope she will take a seat on the platform.

Mrs. Southwick rose, and said, with deep emotion—"My mind has been so much affected by looking around, and seeing how few are left, that I would rather not. This is to me a very solemn and affecting occasion, to meet the few who yet remain with us."

At the earnest request of several friends, however, Mrs. Southwick consented to come forward, and take a seat on the platform; as did also Miss Henrietta Sargent, another long-tried and most devoted friend of the slave.

The following appropriate portion of the Scriptures was then read by Rev. Samuel May, Jr.:

[SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.]

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say; if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us: then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

O bless our Lord, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard, which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For thou, O God, hast proved us: and thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads: we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken. Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.

Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law? They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge; and he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar, and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God, which executeth judgment for the oppressed, and giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: he relieveth the fatherless and the widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

A fervent prayer was then offered by Rev. James Freeman Clarke; after which, the following hymn, by John Greenleaf Whittier, was read by Mr. Garrison, and a portion of it sung by the audience:

Now, joy and thanks forevermore!
The dreary night has well-nigh passed;
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
The giant stands erect at last!

More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn!

O, weary hours! oh, night of years!
What storms our darkling pathway swept,
Where beating back our thronging fears,
By faith alone our march we kept!

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died—their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle-glow,
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host on either hand
Stood waiting for the dawn of day,
To crush, like reeds, our feeble band!
The morn has come—and, where are they?

Troop after troop its line forsakes,
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of "Freedom and Fraternity!"

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away:
Hurrah! our foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As, unto these repentant ones,
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
Of song and praise and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset! blast on blast!
Till Slavery's minions cower and quail!
One charge of fire shall drive them fast,
Like chaff before our Northern gale!

O, prisoners in your house of pain,
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold!
Look, stretched in Southern vale and plain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!

Above the traitor's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shinah's tower
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall!

Awake! awake! my Father-land,
It is thy Northern light that shines!
This stirring march of Freedom's band,
The storm-song of thy mountain pines!

Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
Your winds that stir the mighty lake,
And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
They're Freedom's signals!—wake!—awake!

Mr. Garrison then addressed the audience as follows:

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Mr. President: I know of no language more appropriate to this occasion than that which was uttered by the Apostle eighteen centuries ago—"Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day."

I need not say to any one in this Hall, this afternoon, what it is that has brought us together. Twenty years ago, to-day, this street was crowded with men inflamed to the highest degree of madness, who riotously attempted to break up a meeting of Anti-Slavery women, assembled within these walls, for the purpose of looking to God for strength to overthrow slavery in our land. The sequel you all know. Many of you know all the particulars connected with it.

Before reciting those particulars, it may be well to go behind them—for the event which we are here to commemorate did not spring up out of the ground, or fall like hail from a clear sky. There had been a cause for it at work, actively, unceasingly, by day and night, for a number of years; and, in tracing it, we shall be able more clearly to perceive upon whom rests the responsibility for the mobocratic violence which raged at that period like an epidemic, and which brought eternal shame upon the city of Boston.

Let me begin, Mr. Chairman, at the beginning—with the enunciation of that simple doctrine, which has shaken this nation like an earthquake, and in which were wrapped up all the outrage and violence, the persecution and ostracism, which have taken place during the last twenty years—the necessary consequences of its application to the consciences and the hearts of a pro-slavery people. Sir, we should have had no trouble in this land—no household divisions—no friends turning into enemies—no mobocratic outbreaks—if we had not demanded one thing, if we had not made use of one shibboleth. If we had spoken of slavery as an evil, a calamity, a curse to be overthrown at some indefinite period, we might have spoken in Carolina as easily as in Massachusetts; we might everywhere have been recognised as good neighbours, excellent citizens and sound Christians. But the moment the doctrine of immediate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation was enunciated, it was as the voice of God sounding in the ear of this nation, calling upon it at once to repent, to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free"; it was the affirmation of the truth, that under no circumstances could slavery be right for a single moment; that the slave was a man, and, being a man, God made him for freedom; and that there could be no delay in regard to his deliverance without a compromise of justice. It was the assertion that the black man had a right to be educated here, to be protected by equal laws, to develop all his faculties and powers, and to take his position side by side with his proud, haughty and oppressive white brother. The nation could not endure a proclamation of this kind. It was the touchstone whereby all men were proved. It showed who loved liberty as a vital principle, and who held it merely as a sentiment, a matter of expediency, to be repudiated or sustained as occasion might require.

As soon as this doctrine was enunciated, the Slave Power took cognizance of it. It knew that it was "the beginning of the end." It knew that if the Abolitionists could not be put down at that time, there was no hope of ever putting them down, and that their horrible slave system must be destroyed. Hence, throughout the entire South, the greatest consternation prevailed. The slaveholders, banding themselves together, began to offer rewards for the seizure of prominent Abolitionists. Threats of personal violence were multiplied on the right hand and on the left. Every mail brought letters to me, declaring that I had only so many days to live—that conspiracies had been formed for the purpose of having me abducted &c. &c. Sometimes I received representations on sheets of paper, showing me up as tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck, or stabbed to the heart, because of my sympathy for the oppressed.

The North did not so instantaneously participate in this feeling of alarm as the South. It was not until the Colonization conspiracy was unmasked that the North began to heave with indignation and fury, as the South had done in regard to the declaration that slavery ought to be immediately and forever abolished. One principle unmasked the South, the other the North; for at the North, the Colonization scheme hypocritically assumed to be somewhat anti-slavery, and the people were told—some were led to believe—that, by helping the scheme, they would help abolish slavery in our land, put a stop to the foreign slave trade, and civilize and evangelize Africa. A large majority of the people, however, being infected by the hateful spirit of colourphobia, naturally rallied around that scheme; caring little or nothing for its humane and pious pretences—caring to know but one thing about it, namely, that its object was "to get rid of the niggers"—to use our refined and Christian dialect toward that injured class. They wished them well, hoped they would thrive well—*in Africa;* but they could not and would not live peaceably with them on the American soil. With opposition to this proscriptive crusade began the most envenomed hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause. The mobocratic spirit ran like wild-fire, North and South. It was impossible to hold Anti-Slavery meetings anywhere without danger of personal outrage, often at the peril of life. Men calling themselves respectable, and so esteemed—occupying high and responsible stations, and reputedly intelligent, virtuous and patriotic, were carried away by "the madness of the hour"—which, indeed, has proved to be not merely the madness of the hour, but of days, and months, and years.

At that troublous period, every attempt to elevate the coloured man in this country was assailed in the most rabid manner. When, for instance, Miss Prudence Crandall, a noble Christian lady in Canterbury, Conn., who had been teaching a school of white young ladies in that village—feeling her soul baptized into the spirit of deepest sympathy with the oppressed—made up her mind that she would educate coloured young ladies, instead of white, all Canterbury, the region round about, the whole State of Connecticut, combined to crush her. She was denounced by every hateful epithet; though up to that hour she had been greatly esteemed and admired as a teacher. Among other outrages committed to drive her from the place, the well near her house had a large quantity of filth thrown into it, so that the family should have no water to drink. An agreement was made by the traders of the village that they would not sell her anything, even to eat; and she actually had to send to other towns to procure food to keep her family from starvation. Her house was assailed, and brick-bats, rotten eggs and other missiles, were dashed through her windows; and, finally, it was set on fire, to burn it down over the heads of the teacher and the taught!

At that eventful period, in the spring of 1833, I was induced to undertake a mission to England, at the request of my anti-slavery coadjutors (a small band indeed), partly to undeceive Wilberforce and Clarkson, and other eminent philanthropists in that country, in regard to the real character, design and tendency of the American Colonization Society, and partly to solicit aid to establish a Manual Labour School in New England for the education of coloured youth. In order to frustrate this mission, several leading men of Canterbury got out a writ against me, on the charge of libel, in consequence of certain strictures in *The Liberator*, concerning their infamous treatment of Miss Crandall. Prior to sailing from New York, I was watched and hunted, day after day, in that city, in order that the writ might be served upon me; but my old friend, Arthur Tappan, took me up into an upper chamber in the house of a friend, where I was safely kept, under lock and key, until the vessel sailed which conveyed me to England.

Another manifestation of the Colonization spirit was made, not long afterwards, in the town of Canaan, New Hampshire, where an effort was made to establish a school in that place, for the purpose of educating coloured children. Though the name of the town was Canaan, it was anything but the land of Canaan to those who went there to be taught. Again, there was a mobocratic outbreak to break up the school. At last, a team of one hundred yoke of oxen was hitched by a chain to the school-house, and it was dragged off into a swamp!

This was the spirit of Colonization—a spirit which prepared the way for every outrage that followed.

On my return from England, in 1833, the first mob—the parent mob, I will call it—of the many that afterwards took place, was that witnessed in the city of New York. The Colonization journals had industriously circulated the lying accusation against me, that I had gone to England for the purpose of slandering and dishonouring my native land—that I was in league with British tories, conspiring for the overthrow of this republic. It happened, on my arrival in the harbour of New York, that a meeting had been called by the Abolitionists of that city, to form an Anti-Slavery Society. They were to meet in Clinton Hall. But as soon as it was announced that I had arrived, placards were immediately put up all over the city, announcing that the "infamous libeller of his country, the notorious Garrison," would be at Clinton Hall that evening, and summoning all the friends of the Union to be present. The appeal was promptly responded to. A mob of five or six thousand assembled, and took possession of the Hall, rendering it impossible to hold a meeting there; but the Abolitionists quietly withdrew to Chatham Street Chapel, and succeeded in organizing a City Anti-Slavery Society, before they were tracked by the mob.

Mr. Chairman, I think what did more than any one thing else to fill this land with madness, was the arrival of our noble friend and coadjutor, George Thompson, of England, in the fall of 1834. He came over here at my earnest solicitation when abroad, and in compliance with the desire of the friends of the cause on this side of the Atlantic. I had known what he had done in England, for the abolition of slavery in the British West India Islands. He was the most eloquent man to whom I had ever listened. Moreover, I found him to be a man world-wide in his spirit, principles and feelings, with nothing *English* in his composition, in a narrow sense. This was indicated in the answer he made to those who taunted him for being a foreigner, that he was not consulted in regard to the place of his birth; but if he had been, he might have preferred Boston, instead of Liverpool, to be the city of his nativity! I felt assured, therefore, that if he should come over to us, gifted with such powers of argument and persuasion, and master of his subject, he would do the anti-slavery cause immense service; but I did not dream that his life would be put in jeopardy, and he compelled to flee as the only means of preserving it.

As soon as he came, however, the cry was raised that he was a British incendiary; that his pockets were filled with British gold; and that it was the design of the Aristocracy of England to upset this "glorious Union" of ours. Designing political demagogues and unprincipled public journalists filled the air with these foul accusations, and they fell upon ears accustomed to take everything from such sources for granted. When, therefore, the spirit of American "patriotism" was invoked to put down this dangerous "foreign emissary," George Thompson was treated as though he were a wild beast. It is overwhelmingly affecting to go back, and recall what he was obliged to pass through; while it is consolatory to know that his courage never faltered, and that his Christian heroism was equal to every emergency. Let me read you some extracts from the papers of that day. There was the New York *Journal of Commerce*, as malignant then as now, more malignant, if it were possible, but I do not know that there can be any going beyond, where everything is absolute and perfect. Then, there were the New York *Commercial Advertiser* and the *Courier and Enquirer*, daily belching forth their denunciations of the Abolitionists, and representing them to be the vilest of the vile.

Let me give you an extract from the *Courier and Enquirer* of that day, and then you may determine if it was strange that riotous pro-slavery outbreaks followed:

"It is time now for this subject to be taken in hand seriously. The movements of the immediate Abolitionists involve not merely the welfare of our country, but the very existence of her institutions; and every citizen, from Maine to Mississippi, who has not already made up his mind to a willingness to see our confederacy dissolved, our whole frame of Government broken up, and an experiment made to better it amidst the confusion, misery and bloodshed of a revolution, is bound to grapple at once with the *seditious fanaticism* now abroad. It has become the duty of all classes and all parties—of the hall of legislation—of the press—of the pulpit, and of every good citizen within his own particular sphere of influence, to assist in putting down this TREASON that is stalking through our borders.

"*These dangerous men must be met.* They agitate a question that must not be tampered with. *They are plotting the destruction of our Government*, and they must not be allowed to screen themselves from the enormousness of the guilt, under canting pretences, or even under the delusions, in many instances, perhaps, of their own *wretched infatuation*. The integrity of this Government, and the general happiness of this great people, are of too much worth to be jeoparded to the caprices of a *mad fanaticism*, whether urged into career by wickedness or by folly. We do not stop to inquire whether the incendiary is about to set our house on fire from motives of ill-will or under the impulses of a disordered intellect—we snatch the brand from him, whatever may be the impulse which is driving him to the deed. The freedom of which we boast so much—justly boast so much—is hardly broad enough to protect TREASON. Our liberty is not exactly the *liberty of pulling down our liberties*, and it is a false charity that would cherish the TRAITOR who aims at the act—no matter under what pretext, and no matter of what delusion he may possibly be the victim himself.

"Full well does every individual know that *to liberate the slave would be to hoist the signal of death to the white population*—that it would be unfurling the bloody banner of murder, rapine and devastation to his household. Who would not die with arms in his hands rather than subject himself, and those who are dearer to him than life, to *such* a calamity? Such *will* be the result, if the people of these Northern States should ever be *insane enough to meddle with this fearful subject*.

"And now, we ask the citizens of the United States, if they are prepared to bring such a catastrophe upon the country to gratify the visionary projects of a band of *canting, drivelling fanatics*, one half of them blowing this blast of death and desolation to the people of a whole section of the Union, for the sake of notoriety, and the other the mere victims of a senseless infatuation? Are they willing, by giving countenance and currency to such men as Tappan and Lloyd Garrison, to put in jeopardy the fair fabric of our liberty—the last and the only hope of civil freedom on earth?"

Again—from the same paper:

"No man not blind to future consequences, to all former examples, and to all the lessons of past experience, can hesitate a moment in foreseeing that the triumph of the Abolitionists is a thousand times more likely to be consummated by the extermination of the masters, their wives and their children, than by the freedom and consequent happiness of the slaves.

"As the enemies, then, of social order, of the rights of property, of the lives of hundreds of thousands of our brethren of the race of white men, their wives and their children, and as the villifiers and sappers of our social institutions, Laws and Constitution, we say, therefore, that the preachers and expounders of such doctrines are justly amenable to the laws of the land, as common and notorious disturbers of the public peace, enemies to the rights of property, and traitors to the country.

"What renders the conduct of these *instigators of treason, robbery and massacre*, still more outrageous and indefensible is the fact of their having imported more than one organ of mischief from England, to assist in sowing the live coals of ruin and desolation over a large portion of this prosperous land. Not content with the agency of the wretched libeller of his country, the exclusive '*friend of all the human race*,' they have associated in their righteous race an imported incendiary, 'who left his country for his country's good'; that this apostle of the old pussy cats of Glasgow, this fool of Tappanism, has hitherto escaped the Bridewell, transportation or some other species of modern martyrdom, is a proof either that our laws are defective, our magistrates neglectful or our people the best natured in the world.

"We hope and trust that his next attempt in this city will end in a transfer to the Penitentiary, as a common disturber and enemy to society, and would earnestly recommend to the superintendent of that society a solitary probation, lest he might corrupt the morals of his pupils."

The following was the inflammatory language of the Boston *Mercantile Journal*:

"The conduct of the Abolitionists tends directly to the disturbance of the public peace. The present excited state of the community shows that *public opinion* is decidedly opposed to the measures which are adopted by the Abolitionists. We have already evidence, from almost every part of New England, sufficient to prove that a meeting of the Abolitionists *is but the signal for the assemblage of a mob*. This being the case, it becomes the *duty* of those in whose hands the public authorities of a city or town are vested *to prevent such meetings by the strong arm of the law*.

"If the Magistrates have not the power to forbid and prevent assemblages of bodies of men or women of a nature which, according to all human probability, will lead directly to a disturbance of the public peace—and, perhaps, to the commission of atrocities at which humanity would blush—*the laws of our country are, indeed, imperfect, and should be amended with all possible despatch*. If the magistrates have that power, *and we cannot doubt that they have it*, they ought to exercise it to prevent the assemblage of such meetings, and thus save the community from the disgrace of witnessing the acts of men who, the victims of a morbid excitement, rashly assume the functions of the judge and the executioner.

"We admit, unhesitatingly, that the proceedings of Garrison and Thompson, and those who act with them, cannot be justified either upon the score of *principle* or expediency. We presume that every liberal-minded man, who is not labouring under a *hapless delusion* on this subject, whether he be what is termed an Abolitionist or a Colonizationist, will condemn their conduct *in toto*. Their *delirious* and *impotent* efforts to *irritate* the great mass of the people, under a *pretence* that they wish to convince them of their errors in relation to the subject of slavery, deserve the *most severe reprobation*. *We have no sympathies for them.* And we cannot help entertaining an opinion that the authorities of this city, and of towns in various parts of Massachusetts, have been *neglectful of their duties*, in not *arresting* these *disturbers of the public peace*, these *manufacturers of brawls and riots*, and causing them to give *security in a large amount for their future good behaviour*. Such a measure, we believe, is what *justice* requires, and what the *laws* would sanction."

Here is a specimen of the spirit displayed by the Boston *Centinel* at that time:

"As to Thompson, the foreign vagrant, who has attempted, with impudent zeal, to create excitement, he has been hooted from every place where he has recently attempted to hold forth. He has been completely silenced in this city and vicinity, and the last accounts we have of him are from Concord, New Hampshire, from which place he was scouted by the good sense of the people, and it is said that he was compelled to flee to the woods for safety. In short, such is the prevailing sentiment against him, that he will never be allowed to address another meeting in this country. There is no mistake on this subject, and we speak of it as a matter of fact, of general notoriety. He has been completely silenced, and he will doubtless soon find it most expedient to return to his own country, and give an account of his mission to the silly women who squandered their money for his support."

Here is an extract from the *Courier*, which still maintains its satanic malignity:

'George Thompson.—This scoundrel proposes to lecture some of the women of our city, this afternoon, at Julien Hall. The vagabond would have made no addresses nor delivered lectures in any of our cities if he had not found encouragement from our own citizens. The poor devil must live, and to get bread he must fulfill his covenant. His supporters have no such apology for their conduct. The caution, we have said, we think superfluous. Persons of both sexes will, doubtless, be at Julien Hall, but what ladies would encourage, even by their countenance, the continuance of lectures, debates and addresses adapted, if not intended, to interrupt and eventually to destroy the union of these States, and to lead more directly to scenes of lawless violence, by exciting a state of feeling which may not be so easily subdued as provoked?'

The *Commercial Gazette* continued daily to publish articles like the following:

"It is certainly very remarkable that Mr. Thompson should dare to brow-beat public opinion in this way. It is in vain that we hold meetings in Faneuil Hall, and call into action the eloquence and patriotism of our most talented citizens, if Thompson and Garrison and their vile associates in this city are to be permitted to hold their meetings in the broad face of day, and to continue their denunciations against the planters of the South. They must be put down, if we would preserve our consistency. The evil is one of the greatest magnitude—and the opinion prevails very generally that if there is no law that will reach it, it must be reached in some other way."

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"Why does Mr. Thompson thus brave public opinion? Why does he persist in agitating the abolition question, in irritating the feelings of our citizens, and driving them to acts of lawless violence? He may raise a storm which will be terrible in its consequences. If he attempts to deliver an address in this city on Wednesday afternoon, we are sure that he will meet with a resistance that neither he nor his friends will be able to withstand. There is a feeling awake that cannot be mistaken. This resistance will not come from a rabble, but from men of property and standing, who have a large interest at stake in this community, and who are determined, let the consequences be what they may, to put a stop to the imprudent, bullying conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his associates in mischief."

* * * * * *

"The Anti-Slavery Society hold one of their incendiary meetings this morning at Julien Hall. The mischievous Garrison will deliver an Oration on the occasion, to the 'black and white' spirits of the city. If the orator and his hearers could all be thrown overboard this morning, as was the tea in the days of the revolution, every true friend of the Union of the States would have cause to rejoice most heartily. A cold bath would do them good."

* * * * * *

"If the anti-slavery fanatics persist in holding public meetings in this city, to discuss the subject of slavery, who will be answerable for the consequences? If there is no law that can reach these common disturbers of the public peace, they must be reached and put down in some other way, or they will destroy the Union of the States."

Imagine language like this put forth authoritatively on the part of one of the most influential journals in this great city, and what the effect must have been upon the combustible materials then getting into a state of wild conflagration.

Next, appeals were made to Northern cupidity; and our merchants and manufacturers were told by Southern slaveholders that if this agitation was allowed to go on, it would break up all intercourse with the South; and a staggering blow would thus be given to Northern commerce and manufactures. This was "the pocket argument," and it had more effect in Boston than in any other place.

Appeals were made, also, to the religious prejudices of the people. The Abolitionists were represented as those not inclined to give heed to the teachings of the Bible; who boldly affirmed that it was an Anti-Slavery volume; and that God, in the Bible, was on the side of the oppressed against the oppressor. The idea, that slaveholding, under all circumstances, is a sin against God, was treated as a pestilent heresy; and every effort was made to prejudice us in the minds of religious people.

Appeals were made, also, to the hateful spirit of colourphobia. We were represented as intent upon amalgamation, and it was said that all we cared for was to get black wives or black husbands, as the case might be; whereas, it was evident that God had made the coloured race to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and that the only way for them to rise in the scale of being was to get as far off from us as Africa.

The next device was to excite alarm for the safety of the Union. I am deeply impressed, as I look over the records of that period, to mark how early the slaveholding spirit recognised the fact that Anti-Slavery was necessarily and inevitably Anti-Union. From the very first hour I stood forth to plead for the slave, it was universally declared that the result of the agitation would be the overthrow of this Union. I did not believe it then; I do believe it now, and rejoice in the fact, because it is a Union cemented with the blood of millions in bondage, and, therefore, accursed of Heaven. The sooner it is dissolved the better. But I did not so understand it at that time. The Slave Power, however, well understood it; for it is unmatched for sagacity, vigilance and discernment. It is never misled; it never mistakes; it is always sure. If you wish to know what you ought to do to put it down, just see what it is that gives it the greatest alarm.

In Philadelphia, in the Summer of 1835, a mob sacked some thirty houses occupied by the coloured inhabitants, many of whom were driven out into the woods like wild beasts, to hide themselves from the fury of their merciless assailants. At an earlier day, the coloured citizens of New York were treated in a similar manner.

At that time, too, the slaveholders were busily engaged in rifling the United States mail of every letter, paper and pamphlet that savoured of Abolitionism. These were taken out and made a bonefire of, as at Charleston, S. C., in the presence of the clergy and the leading citizens. The Charleston *Courier* gave the following account of this transaction:

"Attack on the Post-Office.—The recent abuse of the U. S. mail to the purpose of disseminating the vile and criminal incendiarism of Northern fanatics has caused a great and general excitement in our community, and led, on Wednesday night, as may have been expected, to an attack on the Post-Office, which, although perhaps not to be justified, had much to excuse it, in the cause of provocation.

"Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, that night, a number of persons assembled about the Exchange, and, without any noise or disturbance, but, on the contrary, with coolness and deliberation, made a forcible entry into the Post-Office, by wrenching open one of its windows, and carried off the packages containing the incendiary matter.

"According to full notice published, the pamphlets, &c., were burned at 8 P.M. the next evening, opposite the main guard-house, 3,000 persons being present. The effigies of Arthur Tappan, Dr. Cox and W. L. Garrison, were at the same time suspended. At 9 o'clock, the balloon was let off, and the effigies were consumed by the neck, with the offensive documents at their feet."

This lawless procedure was virtually justified by the Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall, in a long and elaborate paper, as a measure of self-preservation against the designs of Northern incendiaries! This was his view of it:

"There is no reason to doubt whether the Abolitionists have a right to make use of the mails of the United States to convey their publications into States where their circulation is forbidden by law; and it is by no means certain that the mail carriers and postmasters are secure from the penalties of that law, if they knowingly carry, distribute or hand them out. Every citizen may use the mail for any lawful purpose. The Abolitionists may have a legal right to its use for distributing their papers in New York, where it is lawful to distribute them; but it does not follow that they have a legal right to that privilege for such a purpose in Louisiana and Georgia, where it is unlawful. As well may the counterfeiter and the robber demand the use of the mails for consummating their crimes, and complain of a violation of their rights when it is denied.

"Upon these grounds a postmaster may well hesitate to be the agent of the Abolitionists in sending their incendiary publications into States where their circulation is prohibited by law, and much more may postmasters residing in those States refuse to distribute them.'

An application was made to the city authorities for the use of Faneuil Hall for an Anti-Slavery Convention, but it was unanimously rejected. The *Commercial Gazette* thereupon raised the following note of exultation:

"The refusal of the authorities of this city to suffer the advocates of abolition and disunion to desecrate Faneuil Hall with the display of their riotings and excess has elicited the applause and admiration of that portion of our fellow-citizens of other States who are opposed to disunion, and are not disposed to yield the rights of American citizens to an army of Jim Crows and their white associates. As an evidence of the spirit of the press, indicative as it is of the remains of decency and propriety, we copy the following paragraphs:"

[From The New York Times.]

"The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have unanimously refused the abolition lecturers admission into Faneuil Hall. Well and bravely done. The old temple of liberty must not be desecrated by admitting within its walls the mad fanatics, who, if unchecked, will trample our freedom into the dust."

[From The New York Courier and Enquirer.]

"*The Abolitionists refused admission to Faneuil Hall.* It is gratifying to see, as we do by the Boston papers, that these wretched plotters of mischief have been promptly refused admission into Faneuil Hall. A petition for liberty to desecrate that honoured edifice by a meeting of the immediate emancipationists, signed by the leading spirits of that most miserable of the disorganizing factions of the day, was presented to the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, and that body, with a feeling and spirit that do it signal honour, refused unanimously to grant the incendiary request.

"What! the cradle of liberty, in little more than half a century, to become its coffin? The place where the Adamses and Otises have so often uttered in burning eloquence the matchless value of our institutions, to echo with the raven croakings of such creatures as *Garrison!*—the mad imbecilities of Stow, the flatulent dogmatisms of the fanatic from Kentucky, and the theatrical contortions of the mouthing and noisy driveller acting as the stipendiary of the Glasgow Sempstresses?

"We rejoice that the Municipal Government of Boston has thus stepped between the venerable building, so long devoted to a pure patriotism, and the fanatical banditti that would pollute it. To have suffered such an assemblage within its walls would have taken from it half the venerated sacredness of the place. It would have levelled the proudest monument of New England's history; for Faneuil Hall would have lost all the charms of its glorious reminiscences, by such a contamination. Heaven grant that the day may be extended far, very far into future time when *that* building shall be dishonoured by the presence of traitors, whether of native growth or brought here from foreign countries, to sever the bonds of this Union."

By a singular coincidence, an Anti-Slavery Convention was held on this very day, twenty years ago, in Utica, N. Y., for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society. That Convention had been looked for with great anxiety and alarm on the part of the South, and it was declared that, cost what it might, the meeting must be broken up. Accordingly, a mob assembled in great force, to prevent the contemplated organization; but they were foiled in their purpose. After the formation of the State Society, however, it was deemed advisable to adjourn the meeting, at the invitation of Gerrit Smith (who nobly took that occasion to join the Anti-Slavery ranks), to Peterboro', the place of his residence, where they completed their business.

Singularly enough, too, on the very same day, a mob endeavoured to break up an Anti-Slavery Convention, which was held at Montpelier, Vermont, and was to have been addressed by our beloved friend, Samuel J. May.

Indeed, in every direction, the advocates of the slave were the objects of popular fury.

Before the meeting was held which we are here to celebrate, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society engaged the New Jerusalem Church (now called Cochituate Hall), for the purpose of holding a meeting; but the mob spirit was so rife that the trustees backed out, and declared that the Society should not have the church, unless twenty thousand dollars were deposited in the bank, as security against any damage done to their property. Julien Hall was next secured by the Society; but just on the eve of holding the meeting, the lessee receded from his engagement, afraid of a mob—for a mob was threatened. It happened that Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., officiated on the previous Sunday in the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Channing, and he innocently read the notice of the contemplated meeting of the Society in Julien Hall, which act created a great commotion in that parish, and brought down vials of wrath upon his head from all the leading Boston presses.

As another proof of the malignant state of the public mind at that time, I recollect seeing, a few days before the attack, one of our independent military companies marching through Washington street, with a target to be shot at, on which was painted an image intended for George Thompson, and also the figure of a coloured woman, in close proximity. This was an attempt to excite all that was murderous in the city. It was saying, in effect, "George Thompson deserves to be shot. We shall shoot at his effigy to-day. Make sure of him, if you can, to-morrow."

What also served greatly to inflame the public mind against Mr. Thompson was an atrocious accusation brought against him by a Southern student at Andover, named Kauffman, who falsely declared that Mr. Thompson had said, in one of his addresses at Andover, that the slaves ought to be stimulated to cut their masters' throats. Imagine the effect of such a charge as this upon the public mind, already exasperated almost to madness! It was like fire applied to gunpowder. The whole community was in an inflammable state, and here was the torch to start the conflagration.

I believe all the Boston presses—with one exception religiously, and one exception politically—were animated by a violent pro-slavery spirit. The exception politically is a singular one to name at this day. You could hardly guess what paper it was; you could not guess who the editor was. I will tell you. The paper was the *Boston Daily Advocate*, edited by Benjamin F. Hallett! Mr. Hallett, at that time, was our magnanimous defender, and ready on all occasions to risk his own safety in vindicating our right to be heard, though he had a mighty opposition to stem in regard to his anti-masonic principles. Then he showed himself every inch a man; now, every inch of manhood appears to have gone from him. The exception religiously was the *New England Spectator*, edited by Rev. William S. Porter, and it did us good service.

Allow me to read you some extracts from the Boston newspapers of that period. I will read first from the *Christian Register*, the Unitarian organ:

"After they [the Abolitionists] perceive that it is impossible to make themselves understood, and that the inevitable tendency of their doings (while all the rest of mankind are obstinately in the dark respecting them) is directly opposite to their wishes and prayers, is it not time for them to pause," &c.

* * * * *

"We have been more and more persuaded that the means they have been pursuing tend either to prolong and increase the evils of slavery or to produce a convulsion in the country beyond anything which its inhabitants have ever witnessed."

That was an appeal to violence, it seems to me, at least indirectly, because it was "patriotic" to put down men who were conspiring to overthrow the Union.

The *Christian Watchman* said:

"While we have no apology to offer for a riot under any circumstances, we hold as being equally culpable those who persist in a course that is calculated to excite such proceedings.'

Thus, Jesus was responsible for his own crucifixion, and we were to be held responsible for the mob!

The *Boston Recorder*, at that time the mouthpiece of the orthodox denomination said:

"Mr. Garrison's policy, we have no doubt, is to identify his cause with the cause of civil liberty by making it necessary for all who would defend civil liberty to defend him and his meetings. He wishes to put all good citizens under the necessity of choosing between him and the mob; believing that, in such case, they will be on his side. It is, therefore, his settled policy to provoke mobs as much as he can."

But the *Commercial Gazette* was, on the whole, the most active and the most malignant in its efforts to put down our movement by mobocratic violence.

About the 1st of October, 1835, fifteen hundred of the most prominent citizens of Boston appended their names to a call for a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, to denounce the agitation of the question of slavery as putting in peril the existence of the Union. Some who signed that call have long since repented of the act, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and now glory in the anti-slavery cause. There was the most intimate connection between this meeting and the riotous outbreak of October 21st.

Well, the meeting was held in Faneuil Hall (the Mayor in the chair), and addressed by the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, Hon. Peleg Sprague, and Hon. Richard Fletcher, whose speeches were eminently calculated to whet the knife to be put into the heart of George Thompson by some stealthy assassin. No men could have brought deeper disgrace upon themselves than they did in regard to the opprobrious language which they used toward Mr Thompson and the anti-slavery cause. If there were time, I would give you some extracts from those speeches; but I refer those of you who are curious to know what they said, to the files of *The Liberator*, or the leading Boston papers of that day.

Hear what was the language of the *Commercial Gazette* on the subject:

"Faneuil Hall Meeting.—Let it not pass unheeded. If, however, disregarding its warning and solemn voice, this Society persevere in their nefarious schemes, let the bolt of public indignation fall upon them; let them be marked as disturbers of the public peace, and shunned as traitors to the country. Let no citizen who sets a value on the Union of the States—let none who hold to those sacred principles bequeathed to them by the immortal Washington, have any intercourse with men whose measures are firebrands, arrows and death, and whose success would be the destruction of this now happy Republic."

The whole city was now wrought up to a pitch of insanity. It having been advertised that the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society would hold a meeting at 46 Washington street, on the 21st of that month, a placard was circulated through the business portions of the city, announcing the fact, and stating that George Thompson would be present. This was printed at the office of the *Commercial Gazette*, and written by Mr. Homer, one of the editors of that paper, and an active instrument in getting up the mob, and seeing it carried through. Here is a copy of it:

"THOMPSON

"THE ABOLITIONIST!!!

"That infamous foreign scoundrel, THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 43 Washington street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of $100 dollars has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

"*Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.*"

It was a false statement, that Mr. Thompson was to be there. He was not in the city, and had not been asked to address the meeting. The ladies, however, had requested me to deliver an address on the occasion. I thanked them, and told them I would do so. Accordingly, on that eventful day, anticipating a serious disturbance, I went to the hall some time before the hour of meeting; but, early as it was, I found the doorway and staircase crowded with rioters. I was recognised and hooted at, and with difficulty I passed through them. In the hall, I found some thirty women, who had anticipated the hour of meeting, and had thus been enabled to get in. Others, who came later, were kept from entering by the crowd. The street was densely crowded, and the outcries of the mob were various. This is not the same hall. The building in which we met was subsequently injured by fire, torn down, and replaced by the present structure. The hall ran lengthwise, and was differently shaped from this. One part of it was partitioned off for the Anti-Slavery Office, in which we had all our books and publications, none of which, happily, got into the hands of the mob. On entering the hall, I took my seat quietly, waiting until I should be asked to speak. In the midst of the howlings of the riotous throng, a prayer was offered by the President of the Society, Miss Mary S. Parker, in a strong and clear voice. I shall never forget it. It was thrilling beyond description; evincing the utmost trust in God, and complete serenity of soul; and "thanking God that while there were many to molest, there were none that could make afraid." After a while, it was suggested that if I would withdraw, my absence might influence the ruffians to behave with more decency. I accordingly left the hall, and stepped into the Anti-Slavery Office adjoining, and locked the door. I found no one there, except my friend, Charles C. Burleigh. I immediately sat down, and wrote to a friend in Providence a description of the incidents of the day, as they were transpiring. Whilst writing, the ruffians in the hall broke in the lower panels of the door, and, stooping down, glared at me through the aperture like so many wolves, and shouted—"Here he is!"—"Out with him! out with him!" My friend Mr. Burleigh, with admirable courage and presence of mind, stepped out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and put the key into his pocket. He then, non-resistant though he was, stood guard; and it was entirely owing to his calm and firm demeanour that our Office was not harmed. The rioters, however, got hold of some prayer and hymn books, belonging to a religious society that occupied the hall every Sunday, and threw them out of the window as incendiary documents!

I will not occupy your time by going into all the details of this disgraceful affair. Suffice it to say, that the Mayor, on entering the hall, told the ladies they must disperse, for the sake of the peace of the city! This they declined doing until they had transacted a portion of their business, when they retired in a calm and dignified manner, though scoffed at and insulted as they passed through the lawless throng.

The cry was now raised for the anti-slavery sign-board. This was soon thrown down, in the presence and by the acquiescence of the Mayor, and exultingly danced upon, and finally broken into fragments.

Again the cry was raised for "Thompson!" The Mayor (the late Theodore Lyman) assured the multitude that Mr. Thompson was not in the hall. They knew, however, that I was, and so they clamoured for my surrender. The agitation of the Mayor was excessive. Unwilling or unable to protect me by an appeal to the military, but desirous that I should receive no harm, he endeavoured (having cleared the building of the rioters) to find some way of exit for me, so as to be able truthfully to announce that I was no longer in the hall, and thus induce the rioters to disperse. It was proposed that I should escape by dropping from a window in the second story upon a shed, and from thence into a yard, leading through a carpenter's shop, into Wilson's lane. I felt, at first, very great reluctance to leave the premises in this manner; but, by the urgent entreaties of the Mayor and his posse, and of several anti slavery friends then present (among them, my early and faithful coadjutor, Samuel E. Sewall, Esq.), and to avoid the charge of wilfully hazarding my life when a quiet withdrawal was feasible; and as no pledges were given or exacted, and no sacrifice of principle was involved in such a step, I consented to make the attempt, accompanied by a friend, Mr. John R. Campbell, now, I believe, in the spirit land. The attempt proved unsuccessful. I was instantly discovered by persons on the watch. Wilson's lane in the course of a few minutes was densely filled with the rioters, the most active of whom found me in the second story of the carpenter's shop alluded to, and, coiling a rope around my body, let me down to the crowd below. I was dragged bare-headed through the lane into State street, where my clothes were nearly all torn from my body, the intention being, as I understood, to carry me to the Common, and there give me a coat of tar and feathers, a ducking in the pond, &c. &c. Approaching the door of the City Hall on the south side, the Mayor and his constabulary succeeded in rescuing me with difficulty, and I was taken up into his office. The Post Office was then located in that building. As the night was approaching, and the mob were still bent on my seizure, it was deemed necessary, alike for the preservation of the Post Office and of my life, to send me to the jail in Leverett street, the only place of safety to be found in the city. But I must be committed [illegible] and so to obtain a writ of commitment Sheriff Parkman had to take a false oath, that I was a disturber of the peace, though I believe he was actuated by a friendly and sympathizing spirit. Not to have saved my life would I have had him act in this manner. To the jail then was I sent, every effort being made by the mob once more to get possession of my person, but in vain. I remained in jail till the next day when the Court came to me, and formally discharged me as one who had done no evil, and whose imprisonment had been only a ruse to protect my life!

The heroism manifested by the ladies of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, on that trying occasion, was beyond all praise. Some of them have since fallen by death. Among the number present in the hall was the lamented Ann Greene Chapman, whose memory will always be precious. Allow me to refer to the Will she made, to show the spirit by which she was animated. One portion reads as follows:

"Whilst I live, I have solemnly devoted myself to the cause of Truth, Justice, Freedom and, dying, I would yet bless it, in its onward course.

"Believing that the American Anti-Slavery Society is most beneficial to the slave, and is advancing rapidly the coming of Christ's kingdom, I leave to its Treasurer, Mr. John Rankin, or his successor in that office, the sum of one thousand dollars for the use of the Society.

"To the Samaritan [Coloured] Asylum, one hundred dollars.

"To the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, one hundred dollars.

"I trust that when the hour of death comes, my mind will be, as it is now, convinced that the way to serve God, and secure his favour is, by making the cause of his oppressed children my cause. And then I shall not have lived in vain."

No, she has not "lived in vain," and, being dead, she yet speaketh!

It is also due to one who is now drawing near to the grave, to refer to her particularly, in connection with this meeting. I allude to Harriet Martineau, of England. The invitation extended to the Female Society to occupy your house, Mr. Chairman, come what might, was very gladly accepted by the Society, and the meeting was accordingly held. Miss Martineau had come over to our country, some time before, with the highest literary reputation, had travelled through the South with great eclat, and had been everywhere received with high honors. She came to Boston at this trial-hour, and was at once put in the furnace. She had claimed to be the friend of the enslaved at home; it was now to be seen whether she would be faithful to her principles on this side the Atlantic. The course taken by almost every other distinguished person from the Old World has been such, that her conduct now looks all the more sublime and glorious. Allow me to give, Mr. Chairman, the testimony uttered in your own house:

"I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in the objects of this meeting. I had supposed, that my presence here would be understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been, that I consider slavery as inconsistent with the Law of God, and as incompatible with the course of his Providence. I should certainly say no less at the North than at the South concerning this utter abomination—and I now declare that in your *principles* I fully agree."

And because she attended that meeting, and enunciated these noble sentiments, she at once lost caste among the literati of the country; and while she remained here, was treated with manifest scorn and neglect. But she never faltered. She is now very ill, and is not expected long to survive; but she deserves to be ranked with those of whom the world is not worthy.

The following article, which her morally heroic course elicited from the "respectable" *Daily Advertiser* at that time, will serve to confirm what I have stated, in regard to the treatment of Miss Martineau:

"We were extremely sorry to learn, a few days since, that this lady, who has been everywhere in this country received with the respect and kindness to which her eminent talents, and amiable character and manners entitle her to, had been induced by persuasion, we are inclined to believe, in opposition to her own better judgment, to the commission of an act of indiscretion, by which it is to be feared she has forfeited some part of the high standing which she held in the good opinion of the people of all parties in this country, and placed herself in the position of a partisan, in one of the most useless, the most bitter, and consequently the most mischievous controversies in which the people of this country have ever been engaged. We regret this not on her own account only, but on that of the public at large, both in England and in this country. We had a right to expect from her well known intelligence, from the favourable reception of her publications, from the respect and esteem with which she is regarded in the wide circle of her personal friends on both sides the Atlantic, and from the opportunities which she has enjoyed of becoming acquainted with the institutions, manners and character of the people of this country, that her visit here would be productive of a useful effect, in disseminating among the people of Great Britain more correct notions of the state of society among us. These expectations, we are sorry to say, are in a good measure blasted, by the act of indiscretion to which we have alluded. It is of very little consequence, except as it regards the influence which she was capable of exerting on other subjects, what are her opinions on the question of slavery. The addition of the weight of her sanction and influence, to a system of opinions and measures which have not the remotest tendency to remove the evils complained of, and which serves merely as a brand of discord throughout the country, will produce no perceptible effect on the prevalence of those opinions and measures; but the enrolling her name with that of George Thompson, the most odious foreign renegade who ever visited this country, in propagating doctrines, and encouraging measures which lead directly to civil war and a dissolution of the Union, must shake the faith of many of her friends in the soundness of her judgment. We had hoped that the public would have been favoured with some explanation of the sentiments which are stated in *The Liberator*, to have been expressed by her, at a late meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, in this city. No such explanation having been made, we take this occasion to copy the remarks of an intelligent cotemporary, upon the course which she has adopted, for the purpose of showing in what light that course is regarded by those who do not see the propriety of preaching up a crusade against slavery, among a people where no slavery exists, for the mere purpose of exciting the indignation and hatred of the people of those States where it exists, by the express sanction of the Constitution under which we live."

I have trespassed too long upon your time in going through these preliminaries, but I felt that they were important as bearing upon this lawless outbreak in our city, and as showing how the prevailing violence of that period was stimulated, and who are to be held responsible for it.

Mr. Chairman, what a change has been effected in public sentiment within twenty years! It has seemed to me, in scanning the file of *The Liberator* for 1835, as if I were in another country, among another people!

> "'Tis somewhat like the burst from death to life,
> From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven."

It is not much to be a professed Abolitionist to-day. The fiery trials through which the early Abolitionists passed can never be realized except by those who endured them. Our pathway is now, comparatively, strewed with flowers. The anti-slavery flame has spread from heart to heart, from house to house, from State to State. Hundreds of thousands are imbued more or less with sympathy for the oppressed. The press is inclining more and more to the side of freedom; and all the signs of the times are encouraging in regard to the continued growth of our glorious movement.

On the other hand, it is also true that the Slave Power has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes. When I tell you that, during these twenty years, the natural increase of the number of slaves has been equal to the passing of the entire population of Massachusetts into a state of bondage, I tell you precisely the growth of the slave system, during that period. *More than a million of slaves are to be delivered, who were not in existence twenty years ago.* NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS IN ALL!

But our cause is of God. It has been so from the beginning. Why did this nation tremble at the outset? Why were the slaveholders smitten as with the fear of death? Who were the Abolitionists? Confessedly in a numerical sense not to be counted. They had no influence, no station, no wealth. Ah! Mr. Chairman, they had the truth of God, and therefore God himself on their side; and hence this guilty nation quaked with fear when that truth was uttered and applied. But our work is not to cease until liberty be proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. We are to contend, until every chain is broken, or until our labours on earth are finished. Remember they only who endure to the end shall see salvation and take the song of Victory! We have fought a good fight, and we shall yet conquer, God helping us. All the spirits of the just are with us; all the good of earth are with us; and we need not fear as to the result of this great conflict.

> "For the good shall conquer at the last,
> So round and round we run,
> And ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

A hymn by James Russell Lowell was then sung by the audience to the tune of "Scots wha hae," after which Wendell Phillips addressed the meeting.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. President—I feel that I have very little right on this platform to day; I stand here only to express my gratitude to those who truly and properly occupy it, for what we all owe them—the women and the men—who stood by our honour and so nobly did our duty when we forgot it, and that twenty years ago.

At this hour, twenty years ago, I was below, in the street; I thank God I am inside the house now! I was not in the street as one of the mob, but as a spectator. I had come down from my office in Court street to see what the excitement was. I did not understand Anti-Slavery then; that is, I did not understand the country in which I lived. We have all of us learned much since; learned what Anti-Slavery means—learned what a Republican Government really is—learned the power of the press and of money, which I, at least, did not know then. I remember saying to the gentleman who stood next to me in the street, "Why does not the Mayor call out the regiment? (I belonged to it then)—we would cheerfully take arms in such a case as this. It is a very shameful business. Why does he stand there arguing? Why does he not call for the guns?" I did not know that the guns were in the street—that the men who should have borne them were the mob; that all there was of government in Boston was in the street; that the people, our final reliance for the execution of the laws, were there, in the street. Mayor Lyman knew it; and the only honourable and honest course open to him was to have said, "If I cannot *be* a magistrate, I will not *pretend* to be one."

I do not know whether to attribute the Mayor's disgraceful conduct to his confused notion of his official duties or to a cowardly unwillingness to perform what he knew well enough to be his duty. A superficial observer of the press and pulpit of that day would be inclined to consider it the result of ignorance, and lay the blame at the door of our republican form of government, which thrusts up into important stations dainty gentlemen like Lyman, physicians never allowed to doctor anybody but the body politic, or cunning tradesmen who have wriggled their slimy way to wealth; men who, in a trial hour, not only know nothing of their own duties, but do not even know where to go for advice. And for the preachers, I am inclined to think that stolid ignorance of civil rights and duties may be pleaded as a disgraceful excuse, leaving them guilty only of meddling in matters far above their comprehension. But one who looks deeper into the temper of that day will see plainly enough that the Mayor and the Editors, with their companions "in broadcloth," were only blind to what they did not wish to see, and knew the right and wrong of the case well enough, only, like all half-educated people, they were but poorly able to comprehend the vast importance of the wrong they were doing. The mobs which followed, directed against others than Abolitionists, the ripe fruit of the seed here planted, opened their eyes somewhat.

Mr. Garrison has given us specimens enough of the press of that day. There was the *Daily Advertiser*, of course on the wrong side—respectable when its opponents are strong and numerous, and quite ready to be scurrilous when it is safe and will pay—behind whose editorials a keen ear can always catch the clink of the dollar—entitled to be called the Rip Van Winkle of the Press, should it ever, like Rip, wake up; the *Advertiser* condescended, strangely enough, to tell us that it was *not surprised* (!) that papers abroad considered the meeting of mobocrats in the street below *a riot* (!); but the *wiser Advertiser* itself regarded it "*not so much a riot as the prevention of a riot*"! It "*considered the whole transaction as the triumph of law over lawless violence, and the love of order over violence and confusion*"!! Dear, dreamy Van Winkle! and he goes on to "*rejoice*" at the exceeding "moderation" of the populace, that they did not murder Mr. Garrison on the spot! And this is the journal which Boston literature regards as its organ, and which Boston wealth befools itself by styling "respectable"!

Next came the scurrilous *Gazette*, which, it is said, repented of its course when it found that Northern subscribers fell off and Southerners continued to despise it as before; and which, on tiring public forbearance and becoming bankrupt, earned the right to be melted into the *Daily Advertiser*.

With them in sad alliance marched the *Courier*—always strong and frank, whichever side it took, and even of whose great merit and bravery, between that time and this, it is sufficient praise to say that it was enough to outweigh its great wrong in 1835, and its vile servility now.

With rare daring, the *Christian Register* snatched the palm of infamy—the organ of a sect (the Unitarian) that skulked its way into New England under disguised banners, and so right fitly, in a moment of forgetful frankness, counselled by hypocrisy—suiting manner to matter—it hints to the Abolitionists, with laughable ignorance, that they should imitate the example, as it avers, of the early Christians of Trajan's day, and meet in secret, if the "*vanity*" of the ladies would allow! The coward priest forgot, if he ever knew, that the early Christians met in secret, beneath the pavements of Rome, only to pray for the martyrs whose crosses lined the highways, whose daring defied Paganism at its own altars, and whose humanity stopped the bloody games of Rome in the upper air; that they met beneath the ground not so much to hide themselves as to get strength for bolder attacks on wicked laws and false altars.

Infamy, however, at that day, was not a monopoly of one sect. Hubbard Winslow, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, strictly Orthodox, a bigot in good and regular standing, shortly after this, preached a sermon to illustrate and defend the doctrine that no man, under a republican government, has a right to promulgate any opinion but such as "a majority of the brotherhood would allow and protect"; and he is said to have boasted that Judge Story thanked him for such a discourse!

The Mayor played a most shuffling and dishonourable part. For some time previous, he had held private conferences with leading Abolitionists, urging them to discontinue their meetings, professing, all the while, entire friendship, and the most earnest determination to protect them in their rights at any cost. The Abolitionists treated him, in return, with the utmost confidence. They yielded to his wishes, so far as to consent to do nothing that would increase the public excitement, with this exception, that they insisted on holding meetings often enough to assert their *right* to meet. Yet, while they were thus honourably cooperating in avoiding everything that would needlessly excite the public mind, going to the utmost verge of submission and silence that duty permitted—while the Abolitionists, with rare moderation, were showing this magnanimous forbearance and regard to the weakness of public authority, and the reckless excitement of the public, the Mayor himself, in utter violation of official decorum and personal honour, accepted the chair of the public meeting assembled at Faneuil Hall, and presided over that assembly—an assembly which many intended should cause a mob against the Abolitionists, and which none but the weak or wilfully blind could avoid seeing must lead to that result. In his opening speech to that factious meeting, the Mayor, under oath at that moment to protect every citizen in his rights, and doubly bound, just then, by private assurances to these very Abolitionists, forgot all his duty, all his pledges, so far as to publicly *warn them of the danger of their meeting*—a warning or threat, the memory of which might well make him tremblingly anxious to save Garrison's life, since, of any blood shed that day, every law, divine and human would have held the Mayor guilty.

Such was the temper of those times. The ignorant were not aware, and the wise were too corrupt to confess, that the most precious of human rights, free thought, was at stake. These women knew it, felt the momentous character of the issue, and consented to stand in the gap. Those were trial hours. I never think of them without my shame for my native city being swallowed up in gratitude to those who stood so bravely for the right. Let us not consent to be ashamed of the Boston of 1835. The howling wolves in the streets were not Boston. The brave men and women were Boston. We will remember no other.

I never open the Statute Book of Massachusetts without thanking Loring and May, Follen and Sewall, those around me who stood with them, for preventing Edward Everett from blackening it with a law making free speech an indictable offence. And we owe it to fifty or sixty women, and a dozen or two of men, that free speech was saved, in 1835, in the city of Boston. Indeed we owe it to one man. If there is one here who loves Boston, who loves her honour, who rejoices to know that, however thin the thread, there is a thread that bridges over that dark and troubled wave and connects us by a living nerve with the freemen of the Revolution and that Boston, though betrayed by her magistrates, her wealth, her press and her pulpits, never utterly bowed her neck, let him remember that we owe it to you Sir (Mr. Jackson), who offered to the women who were not allowed to meet here, even though the Mayor was in this hall, the use of your house; and one sentence of your letter deserves to be read whenever Boston men are met together to celebrate the preservation of the right of free speech in the city of Adams and Otis. History, that always loves courage, will write it a page whiter than marble and more incorruptible than gold. Mr. Jackson says, in answer to a letter of thanks for the use of his house:

"If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs, which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land—if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and 'pass by on the other side'—so it must be.

"But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities, which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind—so it must not be—so it shall not be, if I for one can prevent it. Upon this great right let us hold on at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house at least shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth—let them fall if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipt into silence."

This was only thirty days after the mob. I need not read the remainder of the letter, which is in the same strain.

We owe it to one man that a public meeting was held, within a month, by these same women, in the city of Boston. But to their honour be it remembered, also—a fact which Mr. Garrison omitted to state—that when Mayor Lyman urged them to go home, they left this hall in public procession and went "home" to the house of Mrs. M. W. Chapman, in West street, to organize and finish their meeting that very afternoon. To Mrs. Chapman's pen we owe the most living picture of that whole scene, and her able, graphic and eloquent reports of the proceedings of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and specially of this day, have hung up to everlasting contempt the "men of property and standing"—the "respectable" men of Boston.

Let us open, for a moment, the doors of the hall which stood here, and listen to the Mayor receiving his lesson in civil duty from the noble women of this Society:

Mr. Lyman—"Go home, ladies, go home."

President—"What renders it necessary we should go home?"

Mr. Lyman—"I am the Mayor of the city, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening."

President—"If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting."

Mr. Lyman—"Don't stop, ladies, go home."

President—"Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society, by Francis Jackson, Esq."

Mr. Lyman—"Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home."

One of the Ladies—"Mr. Lyman, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?"

Mr. Lyman—"I know no personal friends; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain."

Lady—"If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere."

Mr. Lyman—"Do you wish to prolong this scene of confusion?"

President—"Can we pass out safely?"

Mr. Lyman—"If you will go *now*, I will protect you, but cannot unless you do."

There is nothing braver than that in the history of the Long Parliament, or of the Roman Senate.

At that Faneuil Hall meeting, one of "the family" was present; one of that family that was never absent when a deed of infamy was to be committed on the slave question, made up mostly of upstart attorneys, who fancied themselves statesmen, because able to draw a writ or pick holes in an indictment. Mr. Thomas B. Curtis read the resolutions; and then followed three speeches, by Harrison Gray Otis, Richard Fletcher and Peleg Sprague, unmatched for the adroit, ingenious, suggestive argument and exhortation to put down, legally or violently, each as hearer should choose for himself, all public meetings on the subject of slavery in the city of Boston. Everything influential in the city was arrayed against this Society of a few women. I could not but reflect, as I sat here, how immortal principle is. Rev. Henry Ware read the notice of this Society's meeting from Dr. Channing's pulpit, and almost every press in the city woke barking at him next morning, for what was called his "impudence." He is gone to his honoured grave; many of those who met in this hall in pursuance of that notice are gone likewise. They died, as Whittier so well says,

> "Their brave hearts breaking slow,
> But, self-forgetful to the last,
> In words of cheer and bugle-glow,
> Their breath upon the darkness passed."

In those days, as we gathered round their graves, and resolved that the "narrower the circle became, we would draw the closer together," we envied the dead their rest. Men ceased to slander them in the sanctuary of the grave; and as we looked forward to the desolate vista of calamity and toil before us, and thought of the temptations which beset us on either side from worldly prosperity which a slight sacrifice of principle might secure, or social ease so close at hand by only a little turning aside, we envied the dead the quiet sleep to which we left them, the harvest reaped and the seal set beyond the power of change. And of those who assaulted them, many are gone. The Mayor, so recreant to his duty, or so lacking in knowledge of his office, is gone; the Judge before whom Mr. Garrison was arraigned the next day after the mob, at the jail, is gone; the Sheriff who rode with him to the jail, is gone; the city journals have changed hands, being more than once *openly* bought and sold. The editor of the *Atlas*, whose zeal in the cause of mob violence earned it the honour of giving its name to the day—"the *Atlas* mob" many called it—is gone; many of the prominent actors in that scene, twenty years ago, have passed away; the most eloquent of those whose voices were heard at Faneuil Hall has gone—Mr. Otis has his wish, that the grave might close over him before it closed over the Union, which God speed in his good time; but here we meet; the same principle fills these same halls as fresh and vital to-day, as self-fixed and resolute to struggle against pulpit and press, against wealth and majorities, against denunciation and unpopularity, and certain in the end to set its triumphant foot on man and everything that man has made alike.

Here stands to-day the man whom Boston wealth and Boston respectability went home, twenty years ago, this night, and gloried in having crushed. The loudest boasters are gone. He stands to-day among us, these very walls, these ideas which breathe and burn around us, saying for him "I still live." If, twenty or twice twenty years hence, he too shall have passed away, may it not be till his glad ear has caught the jubilee of the emancipated millions whom his life has been given to save?

This very Female Anti-Slavery Society, which was met here twenty years ago, did other good service but a few months after, in getting the Court of Massachusetts to recognise that great principle of freedom, that a slave *brought into a Northern State*, is free. It was in the celebrated Med case. We owe that to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. To-day, Judge Kane, and the Supreme Court which alone can control him, are endeavouring to annihilate that principle which twenty years ago was established. How far and how soon they may be successful God only knows.

Truly as Mr. Garrison has said, the intellectual and moral growth of Anti-Slavery has been great within twenty years; but who shall deny, that in that same twenty years, the political, the organic, the civil growth of slavery has been more than equal? We stand here to-day with a city redeemed—how far? Just so far as this meeting commemorates—the right of free speech is secured. Thank God! in twenty years, we have proved that an Anti-Slavery meeting is not only possible, but respectable, in Massachusetts—that is all we have proved. Lord Erskine said a newspaper was stronger than government. We have got many newspapers on our side. Ideas will, in the end, beat down anything; we have got free course for ideas.

But, let us not cheer ourselves too hastily, for the government, the wealth, the public opinion of this very city in which we meet, remain to-day almost as firmly anchored as ever on the side of slavery. Amid all the changes of twenty years the *Daily Advertiser* has not changed a whit, not a whit. The same paper that spoke doubtful words before Oct. 21st hoped the meeting would be stopped, and afterwards was so terribly shocked at the occurrence of a mob that it was glad the ladies were not allowed to hold their meeting; that same paper would act the same shameless part to-day. That paper which represented then so well the mobocrats in broadcloth, has passed from a father wearied in trying to hold Massachusetts back to his son, whose accession, to reverse the motto of James I. "no day followed"—and it is published to-day with the same spirit, represents the same class, actuated exactly with the same purpose. If there is strength outside the city, in the masses, that is able to rebuke that class, and that press, and that purpose, and give the State of Massachusetts more emphatically to some kind of Anti-Slavery, it is still a struggle. I would not rejoice, therefore, too much. We must discriminate.

I came here to-day to thank God that Boston never wanted a person to claim his inalienable right to utter his thoughts on the subject of slavery, nor a spot upon which he could do it; that is my rejoicing to-day. And in that corner-stone of individual daring, of fidelity to conscience, I recognise the possibility of the emancipation of three millions of slaves. But that possibility is to be made actual by labours as earnest and unceasing, by a self-devotion as entire as that which has marked the twenty years which have gone before.

I find that these people, who have made this day famous, were accused in their own time of harsh language, and over-boldness, and great disparagement of dignities. These were the three charges brought against the Female Anti-Slavery Society in 1835. The women forgot their homes in endeavouring to make the men do their duty. It was a noble lesson which the sisters and mothers of that time set the women of the present day—I hope they will follow it.

There was another charge brought against them—it was that they had no reverence for dignitaries. The friend who sits here on my right (Mrs. Southwick), dared to rebuke a slaveholder with a loud voice, in a room just before, if not then, consecrated by the presence of Chief Justice Shaw, and the press was astonished at her boldness. I hope, though she has left the city, she has left representatives behind her who will dare rebuke any slave-hunter, or any servant of the Slave Power, with the same boldness, frankness and defiance of authorities and contempt of parchment.

Then there was another charge brought against their meetings, and that was, that they indulged in exceedingly bad language about pulpits, and laws, and officers of the country. That is a sin which I hope will not die out. I hope we shall inherit that also.

I should like to know very much how many there are in this hall to-day who were out in the street, as actual mobocrats, twenty years ago. I know there are some here who signed the various petitions to the City Government, to prevent the meeting from being held, but it would be an interesting fact to know how many are here to-day, actually enlisted under the Anti-Slavery banner, who tore that sign to pieces. I wish we had those relics; the peice of that door which was long preserved, the door so coolly locked by Charles Burleigh—it was a touching relic. I wish we had a portion of that sign which the Mayor threw down as a tub to the whale, hoping to save some semblance of his authority; hoping the multitude would be satisfied with the sign, and spare the women outside.

But, Mr. President, it is a sad history to think of. Anti-Slavery is a sad history to read, sad to look back upon. What a miserable refuse public opinion has been for the past twenty years!—what a wretched wreck of all that Republican education ought to have proposed! Take up that file of papers which Mr. Garrison showed you, and think, Republicanism, popular education, a Protestant pulpit, free schools, the model government, had existed in this city for sixty years, and this was the result! A picture the very copy of that which Sir Robert Peel held up in the British Parliament, within a month of the mob, as proof that Republicanism never could succeed. It is a sad picture to look back upon. The only light that redeems it is the heroism that consecrated this hall, and one house in Hollis street, places to which Boston will yet make pilgrimage to honour.

The only thing that Americans (for let us be Americans to-day, not simply Abolitionists)—the only thing that Americans can rejoice in this day is that *everything* was not rotten. The *whole* head was not sick, nor the *whole* heart faint. There were *ten men* even in Sodom! And when the Mayor forgot his duty, when the pulpit prostituted itself, and when the press turned itself into a pack of howling hounds, the women of Boston, and a score or two of men, remembered Hancock and Adams, and did their duty. And if there are young people who hear me to-day, let us hope that when this special cause of Anti-Slavery effort is passed and gone, when another generation shall have come upon the stage, and new topics of dispute have risen, there will be no more such scenes. How shall we ever learn toleration for what we do not believe? The last lesson a man ever learns is, that liberty of thought and speech is the right of all mankind and of all opinions; that the man who denies every article of his creed is to be allowed to preach just as often, and just as loud, as he himself has a right to. We have learned this—been taught it by persecution on the question of slavery. No matter whose the lips that would speak, they must be heard. Let us see to it, my friends, Abolitionists, that we learn the lesson the whole circle round. Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue. Trust it. And remember that, in order to get the whole of truth, you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in it.

The same question was wrought here twenty years ago, as was wrought in the protest of fifty or a hundred Abolitionists, when an infidel (Abner Kneeland) was sent to Boston jail for preaching his sentiments. I hope that we shall all go out of this hall remembering the highest lesson of this day and place is that every man's conscience is sacred. No matter how good our motives are! Mayor Lyman had some good motives that day, if he had only known what his office meant, and stayed at home if he felt himself not able to fill it. It is not motives. Entire, unshackled freedom for every man's lips, no matter what his doctrine; the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range; no check on the peaceful assemblage of thoughtful men! Let us consecrate our labours for twenty years to come in doing better than those who went before us, and widening the circle of their principle into the full growth of its actual and proper significance.

Let me thank the women who came here twenty years ago, some of whom are met here to-day, for the good they have done me. I thank them for all they have taught me. I had read Greek and Roman and English history; I had by heart the classic eulogies of brave old men and martyrs; I dreamed, in my folly, that I heard the same tone, in my own day, from the cuckoo lips of Edward Everett—these women taught me my mistake. They taught me that down in those hearts that loved a principle for itself, asked no man's leave to think or speak, and were willing to sacrifice everything for it, to be true to conviction no matter at what hazard, flowed the true blood of '76, of 1640, and of the hemlock-drinker of Athens, of the martyr saints of Jerusalem. I thank them for it! My eyes were sealed, so that, although I knew the Adamses and Otises of 1776 and the Mary Dyers and Ann Hutchinsons of older times, I could not recognise the Adamses and Otises, the Dyers and Hutchinsons whom I met in the streets of '35. These women opened my eyes, and I thank them and you (turning to Mrs. Southwick and Miss Henrietta Sargent, who sat upon the platform) for that anointing. May our next twenty years prove us all apt scholars of so brave instruction.

Rev. Theodore Parker was the next speaker, but no report of his remarks has reached us.

Samuel May, Jr.—There are many persons present whom we should be glad to hear, would time permit; but I hope I may be allowed to mention the name of one young man, who has proved himself bold and fearless in opposition to the Slave Power, and who is about to leave our shores, and may never have an opportunity again to utter his voice on this subject, though I trust in God he will, many times. I hope we shall remain and hear him now. I allude to Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. Higginson, in reply to this call, rose and said:

Mr. Chairman—The golden moments of this afternoon are flown, and neither I nor any one else ought to try to protract them farther. The light is fading from our eyes, but I trust the light will not soon fade away from our hearts, that have been blessed by so many noble memories, and made happy by brave and hopeful anticipations from those who, of all others, have the best right to predict our future.

It is good for us to have been here, Sir. I have felt it almost every moment of the afternoon; and when I have looked around this hall, and seen alternately the smiles upon the lips of noble women, and the tears in the eyes of brave men—seen them as well as I could for the closer tears that dimmed my own—I have felt the same hope with the last speaker that the younger among us, especially those who cannot speak from personal memory of the "inside" or the "outside" of this hall on the day we celebrate, that these young persons, from this Anniversary may at least enkindle the enthusiasm of their own self-devotion.

Mr Chairman, one sentence spoken by Mr. Garrison sunk deep into my heart this afternoon—"Things are so changed around us," he said. It is not for me here and now to question one word of his, but my heart asked my intellect, Are things so changed, after all? Is the Massachusetts of 1855 so transformed from the Massachusetts of 1835? Is State street so utterly changed now from what it was when it poured forth its base-hearted myriads then? Is it true that all the hard work is done, all duties laid, and no great demands made upon us, whose misfortune it is, not our fault, that we could not bear the yoke of twenty years ago? He did not mean it—I know he did not mean it; for it is not true, therefore he did not mean it. What is that [illegible] in which we exult? The Abolitionists of Massachusetts have laboured for twenty years, and what have they conquered? *What have they conquered?* The right of speech! They have conquered the right to meet in this Hall, and call their souls their own! But what else?

A Voice—"That is something."

Mr. Higginson—"Something"! Thank God, much! But in comparison with that vaster *much* we have yet to gain, the result of all this past contest is [illegible]. And I say to you, younger men and women who are here, that if you come here to exult, to tremble with excitement, as I have seen you tremble, at the thrilling story of the past, and not to consecrate yourselves to continued work in the future, you have hurt your own souls by coming here, and you had better have staid at home. For the more we accustom ourselves to hear of courage and self-sacrifice, as things merely historical—things to be honoured and admired, not imitated—the more we lower the tone of our own natures and weaken our souls.

But how is it now? How is it ever with us, anti-slavery men and women? Are we ready to make sacrifices? Some of us, perhaps, will say, in our self-complacency, "O, yes; I gave a dollar to a fugitive slave last week." And precisely what I contend against is, the low idea we have of what constitutes self-sacrifice. I will go far away for an example, and show what can be done for a cause not intrinsically noble. Look at those men and women in Scotland, who, for centuries, I might almost say, with only brief intervals, brought up their children, generation after generation, with no other dream in their souls except the laying down of peace, and purity, and life in behalf of the exiled Stuarts. No great idea was there; no deep principle of liberty; not even a great man to rally round. Yet there was not a father, who, in those times, left his castle or his hut, who did know that before he came back to it at night, it was an even chance that it might be levelled with the ground, and his wife and children dead on the door-step. There was not a woman in those days, who saw her husband, or lover, or son leave her in the morning, who did not know that when she waved farewell from the window of cottage or castle, it might be for the last time! Talk of sacrifices! Whole clans, whole tribes, laid life and property a daily sacrifice—they died daily, and for what? For a foolish line of legitimate, dethroned kings! And we, with the greatest of principles to sustain, with three millions of fellow-men and women in the most fearful of all bondage, with a whole nation falling and dying for the want of the redemption which we must give—why, we actually descend to count the sacrifices we make! We actually, if we have made a sacrifice, remember them, and allow others to speak of them—and they are so few, that they can be mentioned.

But the Massachusetts of 1855—what is it? It is still a part of the Union of 1855. And the Union of 1855—what is it? Still a Union between Freedom and Slavery; still a Union of the dead and the living! The dead are mouldering remains of what once was beautiful bound to the living form of what ought to be beautiful, but fast ceasing to be so from the polluting contact of the sad decay! The Union of 1855 is what the Union of 1835 was—a Union governed by slavery; a Union in which not merely "slavery is national and freedom sectional," but slavery is national and freedom *nowhere*; for there is no foot, no square inch, even, of free soil in Massachusetts. The fairest and daintiest woman's finger in this hall is not delicate enough to touch one little atom of Massachusetts earth that is free at this moment; and we, born and bred in dreams of freedom, accustomed from our infancy to drink great draughts of sublime ideas, and hopes, and wishes, find ourselves, in maturity, with our birthright gone, our dreams faded, our hopes betrayed, and life one long conflict, if we are true to principle! If this is the result of those magnificent labours and sacrifices of twenty years, how long, do you think, are the labours and sacrifices of the future to continue, before the work is done? If all that has passed has only come to this, what is the future to be? God knows; I do not know. We never know what new openings God may have in store for putting an end to the long controversies of men, and letting the weary, saddened spirit of humanity out from its perplexity by some new door it did not know until it opened. Upon a single thread of flax, perhaps, at this moment, the destinies of this continent may hang. We cannot allow for future revelations and possibilities. We have got to take the present as it is, and work in it; and that present, even in Massachusetts, is dead against the life of freedom, the purposes of freedom, and the hope of freedom; and if you see it differently, it is because you do not know Massachusetts—do not see how far off we are from realizing that great, determined uprising of the people in behalf of freedom, about which we dream. We talk as if we had it, even now, but we have not got it. Every man is willing to talk about freedom, many to vote for it. Every man is ready to denounce votes given for slavery in Congress, and goes on denouncing, until he, or his first cousin, gets a seat in Congress, and then he gives the same vote, or turns round and applauds it. I now take no satisfaction in hearing men abuse politicians. I have heard so much of it, that I am tired. I am like the old lady who complained that she could not even take comfort in her newspaper. "Why," said she, "I do not even enjoy my *murders*, now!" So I do not even enjoy being in at the death of a politician butchered, whether annihilated by the sledge-hammer of Theodore Parker or the silver lancet of Wendell Phillips. I know all that. I know what has become of the Halletts of the past. I remember, that on a certain day, when our friend Parker was discharged by the United States Court, Mr. Hallett stepped up to him and said: "Well, Mr. Parker, you have got out at last; but it was through a very small knot-hole." I did not hear Mr. Parker's reply, I was not near enough; but I suppose he told Mr. Hallett that he ought to be a good judge of that process. I know what has become of the Hillards, also (I am sorry their names all begin with H), who once had words to utter even before committees of the Legislature in behalf of freedom, and who now cringe before "the hand that feeds them," by their own confession, and go to Whig Conventions in Worcester, to prove that there is too much Anti-Slavery in Massachusetts already! I know what has become of these little men; but I do not care for them. My concern is, what stronger and better men, men who have consciences, are going to do. Will they do any better? If Massachusetts is to be saved, it is not to be saved by politicians; it is to be saved by you, who make politicians. Yes, this hall, small as it is, is large enough to hold men and women enough to revolutionize Massachusetts, to revolutionize the nation, if this handful could summon hearts and energies to do the work their reason tells them ought to be done.

My friends, even in the greatest self-devotion, there is someting more to be learned, and we have got it to learn. Passmore Williamson is in his prison, and Massachusetts men are quiet, and go about their daily business; and if he were in prison in Boston, it would be very nearly the same thing. In Kansas, the liberty of white men is struck down, and held at the point of the bayonet, and here in Massachusetts we sympathize—in the abstract! But when a brave man comes here to raise money to arm with Sharp's rifles his company of a hundred Kansas farmers does he find a "material aid" at all commensurate with his expectations? Alas no! I have a sad letter which tells the contrary, but I will not read it, "lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice." But you cannot wonder if members of Congress, statesmen, refuse to sacrifice their places for freedom, when we will not sacrifice our purses. We cannot wonder at the selfishness of Hunkers, when we remember our own.

I tell you, the *fanatics* have something to learn. I am standing with my back on those old Abolitionists, who have made the past sacrifices, and still make them, and preaching to *you* who sit before me—to you, who have got the sacrifices of the future to make—to you, who are not yet prepared to make them. Are the times of danger all passed? I do not know about that. I was not present at the meeting we celebrate; it all passed over me as wars and perils pass unconscious over the heads of boys at school; but I shall never forget the trumpet note that thrilled my soul when I first read the record of this day in the description of Harriet Martineau, and of that yet more heroic woman, whose praise has not been mentioned as it should have been this afternoon—Maria Weston Chapman—I shall never forget, I say, the thrill that went over me then, nor the sigh that succeeded it—for I did not know then as much as I know now—when I said to myself "O dear! that is all past and gone and anti-slavery is easy work now; there is nothing more to be dared and done." And when I read afterwards, in Emerson's brave words, that "self-sacrifice need not wait long for an opportunity to try its edge"—it came as a new hope—there might be an opportunity yet. And, even in these later times we have opportunities.

Mr. Phillips told us that, on this day, twenty years ago, the military would not protect the meeting, because the guns were outside in the mob—or the men who should have carried them." There has been a time since when the men were on the outside, *and the guns too*; and as surely as this earth turns on its axis, that time will come again! And it is for you, men who hear me, to think what you will do when that time comes; and it is for you, women who hear me, to think what you will do—and what you are willing—I will not say, to *consent* that those you love should do—but what you are willing to give them to do, and to send them from your homes, knowing that they will do it, whether they live or die.

I am speaking of realities now; of real dangers and duties here in Boston; the appeal is to all—to non-resistants as much as any other—and in speaking of these I have said enough. But, I say, in closing, if there is any young man here who is not prepared to devote himself to the doing of such duties, he had better meet the issue now, for this night the duty may be required of him. And I say, yet more, that as the devotion of Hannibal, and his life-long hostility to Rome was built up by his mother in his childhood, when she brought him to the altar in the temple, and day by day pledged him there anew, so we have in vain come here to-day, to this honoured spot, unless our last act is to touch *its* consecrated altar, and pledge ourselves to freedom once again and forever.

After agreeing to publish the proceedings in pamphlet form, and taking up a subscription to defray the expense, the audience united in singing another hymn, and then separated.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

To make room for the full and intensely interesting report of the meeting held in Boston, on the 21st ult., to commemorate the Twentieth Anniversary of the great Mob of 1835, we are compelled to omit many articles for which, had it been possible, we would gladly have found space; while, on account of the lateness of the hour at which a portion of the copy of the report came to hand, we shall not be able to go to press at the usual time. Delays of this sort are vexations, but sometimes unavoidable.

THE NEW INDIAN WAR.

Gen. Harney has signalized his advent into the Sioux country by one of the most gallant and complete victories ever obtained over an Indian enemy. The victory is so thorough as to strike terror into the whole of the savage tribes in that extended portion of our country. * * * At a point of rocks the Indians are said to have made a stand and to have fought with great desperation; but they were completely routed, having seventy or eighty men killed, and fifty women and children taken prisoners. The Indian women, it is said, fought furiously. * * * The letters speak of the engagement as a gallant affair, as it must have been to kill so many men and capture the women and children.—*St. Louis Republican.*

We call ourselves "a great country," and yet we call a great butchery of the little remnant of the original proprietors of this soil, the hospitable friends and preservers of the Pilgrim Fathers, "a gallant affair."

There are people who are so peculiar as to ask why this ew scene of carnage has been enacted? There has been o declaration of war by Congress, which alone has power to make war, and of course no report or public document nforming the people of the cause of hostilities. We have ot even a proclamation from Frank Pierce; in fact, there as been no authentic and responsible communication to he country on this deplorable business. How much better r more dignified is our condition than that of Russian erfs, if we may be taxed and driven off by a sergeant with cane to kill and be killed at the will or caprice of *ne man?* Or even if we must look helplessly on, see ivers of blood (it may be innocent) flow, and then pay he slayers—perhaps murderers—without asking any uestions, or getting an answer if we do? If we still tain our own liberties, we are in imminent danger of ing degraded lower than those who have lost them. It ere far better for our spiritual health, our dignity and lf-respect to be fettered and gagged than to retain the ghts of speech and action and yet do and utter nothing arresting this blind and irresponsible slaughter.

It has been stated, under the proper signature of a man hose knowledge and position render him peculiarly competent to testify in the case, that this quarrel, this army d those new regiments, raised at an expense of two and half millions, are all a swindle; and that the ulterior d only serious purpose is to prepare a well-trained corps, th well-fleshed swords, to support the Southern pack of ibusters, which the Administration holds in the leash, d means, at the first safe moment, to let loose upon uba. This has been asserted and repeated before the ation by Mr. Benton. He is a statesman and soldier of rty years service in the midst of slavery; and whatever se may be said of him, he is better acquainted with the trigue, duplicity and plotting of slave-*breeders* and slave-rivers than any man in the country who is at all likely give us the benefit of his testimony. We ought to be rateful to him for having spoken, though we be too othful or too debauched by long prostitution to the Slave wer, to profit by it.

For this deliberate massacre of men and women (for at women were included is self-evident, the conscious seness keeps the cowards from saying so) what are the etexts as they reach us through rumour?

In the summer of 1854, an encampment of three or four ousand Sioux Indians was formed six to eight miles low Fort Laramie, within the Indian territory, for the rpose of receiving the annuities due to them from the nited States; and there they waited nearly a month for s lordship the Indian Agent, the goods in which the nuities were payable being already arrived and stored the ground.

A lame cow, belonging to a party of Mormon emigrants, l behind the train, strayed to the camp, and was taken and killed by an Indian, who had a lodge there, but not belong to the tribe.

The Mormons made complaint to the officer in command the Fort, 2d. Lieut. Hugh B. Flemin. That person d no authority whatever to interfere in the matter. e laws of the land, and our treaty with the Indians, uire that, in all cases of the taking, stealing or desying of property by an Indian or Indians, or of peral violence, even murder of whites, complaint shall be le to the superintendent or agent, who being fured with all the facts and documents, and with the ructions of the President of the United States, shall e a demand upon the tribe in which the Indian or ians belong for satisfaction. Only when the tribe fuses to make amends, does it become responsible, and en then, for every injury to *property*, the remedy to ich the government is limited is to deduct and retain [illegible] of it from the next money payable to the same ibe. There is no power in the United States to arrest Indian unless, having committed one of the offences ove mentioned, he is found within the limits of a disct or State of the United States; and then he must be ested on civil process like a citizen, and the cause ied by a judicial court. The Indian camp was not thin a district or State, and if it had been, Fleming uld have had no right to meddle any more than Gen. ott has with the daily business of the Recorder's ourt.

Nevertheless, with that military presumption and arrogance which have become a great and increasing evil, [illegible] a new-fledged, or rather unfledged, brevet b-Lieutenant, twenty-nine men, an interpreter, a twelve pounder, a horse, a howitzer, and twelve mules, with scretionary orders to take the Indian, if the sub-Lieutenant should think it expedient, and bring him, dead or alive, to the Fort. And here it is to be noted, that this is treating as a criminal matter that which in every civilized country is only a subject of civil damages, to be recovered in an action of *trover*; and that on the prairies of the great west, it is the custom for both Indians and whites to take up and kill, or keep and use, any stray cow or horse, only restoring or paying for the same, when the owner is discovered. Here, then, was a fatal error in those military youths, even had they been acting within their legitimate sphere.

The expedition thus badly begun was worse conducted. [illegible] sub-Lieutenant Grattan marched to a trader's station, at one extremity of the encampment, [illegible] mile from the Fort, and two miles from the extremity, occupied by a subdivision of the Sioux, [illegible] whom the offending individual had his lodge. At [illegible] and of course in the face of the Indians, who could not fail to spread the tidings, the muskets and cannon were loaded. The march was then resumed towards the fatal ground. The command halted just without the lines of the encampment, at the trading house of a Mr. Bordeaux, a very respectable man, who advised the sub-Lieutenant to try to procure the surrender of the man through the interposition of the chiefs. He did so, and the chiefs advised and urged the man to surrender himself, but he refused. It does not appear that they exerted their authority to coerce him, probably because he did not belong to their tribe, or it may be that they would in no case have done so, knowing perfectly well, as they doubtless did, that the government and people of the United States were precluded by treaties, by their own laws, and by the independent position of the Indians within their own territory, from proceeding in any such manner. It is certain, however, that they used their good offices to keep the peace, and to aid the American party to accomplish their object. Failing that, they offered to pay for the cow, double, triple, quadruple her value. The head chief called Marto-i-owa, surnamed also the Logan of the West, a very noble Indian, entreated Grattan to go back and he would bring the man to the Fort. But no, the military upstart, as we learn by a sort of defence of him by Major Winthrop, who was not present or near the scene, would not submit "to the mortification" of going back without the glory of leading in triumph a captive. Grattan, requested also Bordeaux to show him the lodge of the offender, which being done, the detachment marched into the centre of the camp, and drew up in a line with their cannon, ten or twelve rods from said lodge.

An Indian, and above all an Indian of the independent and roving tribes, regards it as a lifelong infamy to be taken and held in custody as a prisoner. He prefers death to the indelible disgrace. Such is their education, and such the demand of *their* public sentiment. To all applications and entreaties to give himself up, he replied that he would not be taken to the Fort a prisoner, that he wanted no protection from the tribe, wished to implicate none in his fate, and requested all to keep away, but that he was armed, could fight, and would die rather than be taken.

In this state of things there was no obstacle to the arrest of the man except the danger of his single-handed resistance, for all idea of the tribe's giving, or his accepting protection, had been mutually disclaimed. It only remained (if a lawless and absurd proceeding must be persisted in) to seize the individual and carry him off. For some reason, which is left to conjecture, the brevet sub-lieutenant did not think proper, in the discretion with which he was endowed, to do that; but, with equal rashness and cowardice, he ordered his men to fire upon an innocent, and, for aught that appears, a friendly crowd. The distinguished chief and warrior, who had exerted himself to the utmost and to the last to prevent a collision, fell murdered by three balls. He employed the few minutes before he expired in exhorting his young men not to avenge his death upon the poor emigrants, and two witnesses say that he enjoined it upon them not to return the fire, for perhaps the soldiers would now be satisfied and go away; but cannon and small arms were all emptied, and the brother of the same chief was severely wounded. The unfortunate soldiers never fired again. Before they could reload, they, with their miserable interpreter and more miserable commander, were laid dead, with a single exception, and he escaped through the generosity of an Indian, who told his comrades that if they killed the white man, they must kill him (the Indian) first. This poor soldier was, however, so badly wounded that he died two days after.

To aggravate these incidents, so conclusive of the guilt of our own officers and agents, and of the Government which educates, appoints and sustains such men, it appears that Grattan set out with a determination to have a fight. He was but a short time from the Military Academy of West Point, an institution where contempt, hauteur, inhumanity and unchastened love of power, are learned by the young men as effectually as on a slave plantation. Several days before the affair, he was heard by white witnesses to say, that "he wanted a muss with the Indians." In all probability, Fleming, another alumnus of West Point, was cognizant of this purpose and approved it. At Gratiot's, after the men had loaded, Grattan addressed them to the effect that, "he did not believe that they would have to fire a gun, but he hoped to God *they would have a fight*, that they were to obey only his orders or those of the sergeant," adding, "when I give you the order, you may fire as much as you d—d please." He employed "a drunken, swearing interpreter," in opposition to the advice and solicitation of Mr. Bordeaux that he would leave the creature in his house and get a sober man, and he permitted the wretch to retain his whiskey-bottle, which he had brought along with him, and to continue his tippling until he was mad with stimulation. Then, when it was too late (not for his purpose), he took the bottle away and set the poor maniac upon the Indians. Among other more than savage taunts, he told them, "the Lieutenant with thirty men and cannon was come to eat their hearts raw." Lieut.-Col. Hoffman, the regular commander of the Fort, but absent from his post at the time in question, declares that—

> "There is no doubt that Lieutenant Grattan left the Fort with a desire to have a fight with the Indians."

And now, we put it to every honest man, were the Indians culpable in these transactions? Even the Indian agent, John W. Whitfield, a personage devoted to the powers that be, whether they be at Washington or on the Missouri border, the delegate of "the border ruffians" for Kansas in Congress, and the author, in an official report to the Government, of the humane and Christian advice "to give all the tribes from Texas to Oregon a genteel drubbing," says:

> "I regret that the demand for the offender had not been postponed until my arrival. If it had been I could have settled the whole without the least trouble. *To have prevented a collision I have no doubt the Sioux would have paid any number of horses*; for I was told by several reliable gentlemen that they offered to pay for the cow; and if *the intercourse law* is to be obeyed nothing more could be required."

The agent might have added, that not even this could be required until demand made by him, after being "furnished with all the facts and documents," upon the tribe for satisfaction.

Again the agent says:

> "*It is evident the Sioux Indians desired no trouble*; and even after one gun had been fired and one Indian wounded, the chief begged the young men not to fire, that perhaps the soldiers would go away."

Again he says:

> "The head chief and others went into the village to try and persuade the offender to surrender."

And yet again:

> "*The Sioux, or the bands of the Platte, have heretofore been regarded as the most peaceable and friendly Indians on the prairies.*"

Mr. Bordeaux, whose statement is dated, "Fort Laramie, Aug. 29, ' ten days after the event, and is confirmed by seven other witnesses of the outrage, and of its most just and speedy retribution, says:

> "The first fire was made by the soldiers, and there was one Indian wounded; and then the chiefs harangued to the young men *not to charge upon the soldiers*, that being they had wounded one Indian they possibly would be satisfied; but the Lieutenant ordered his men to fire their cannon and muskets."
>
> "They (the Indians) also talked of coming to the Fort and killing all the soldiers, *but my begging of the chiefs then succeeded in stopping them.*"

Col. Hoffman says:

> "It does not appear that the affair was *anticipated* by the Indians."

Mr. Manypenny, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an officer in command of all the sources of information, and whose special duty it is to exhaust them all, delivers the most direct and decisive condemnation of our part in these transactions, which has so far been uttered. In fact, just in proportion to any honest man's knowledge of the case must his verdict be prompt and stern against the Government, its officers and agents. He says:

> "The Sioux belong to bands *in amity with the United States*—bands which have annuities due them, under treaty stipulations; and the Mormons should, under the provisions of the intercourse act, have applied to the agent, who was in the vicinity for redress; and he would, under the law, have paid out of the annuities for the property taken; but no officer of the military department was, in my opinion, authorized to arrest or try the Indian for the offence charged upon him.'

Mr. McClelland, Secretary of the Interior, to whose Department belongs the whole subject of Indian Affairs and Indian relations, and who, of course, in making up his report at the last session of Congress, had all the facts before him, declared officially, on the 4th of December, respecting these very Indians of Kansas and Nebraska, where all the Sioux belong, that—

> "The Indians seem desirous of strictly performing their respective engagements.'

And what have we on the other side? We have this:

> "*During the past year*, the Sioux Indians have committed *many* depredations upon the property of emigrants passing Fort Laramie on their route to Oregon and Utah. On the 19th of August, Lieutenant Grattan, of the 6th Infantry, was sent, by the commander of that Fort, with thirty men to arrest an offender. This entire detachment was massacred by the Indians, with the exception of one man, who escaped severely wounded and subsequently died. The circumstances of this affair were at first involved in much obscurity, but *authentic details* have since proved that *the massacre was the result of a deliberately formed plan*, prompted by a knowledge of the weakness of the garrison at Fort Laramie, and by the temptation to plunder the large quantity of public and private stores accumulated at and near the post. The number of Indians engaged in this affair was between 1,500 and 2,000."

These are the daring and unsupported assertions of our "firebrand-arrows-and-death" Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis, who sustains the border ruffians, countenances the Cuban fillibusters, wields President Pierce, rides Mr. Dobbin, commands the army and navy, and, *a la plantation*, whips Marcy and Cushing daily up to their dirty work.

No Iago could concoct a more cruel and pernicious falsehood than he has told in the above passage of his Annual Report, communicated to Congress on the 4th of Dec., 1854. For, besides the testimony we have from eight unimpeached witnesses, all present at the affair, and from every civil functionary, and from the only regular commander of the Fort—as to the entire absence of any previous wrong, preparation or premeditation on the part of the Indians—see the *transparent* deceit of Davis's statement.

He says the fort was *weak*, and that the plot and massacre were prompted by a knowledge of that fact, and by the temptation to rob the larger stores accumulated at and near the post; yet they did not attack the Fort nor attempt to touch the stores it contained, though there were "from 1,500 to 2,000" Indians present, frantic with grief for their great loss, burning with revenge, flushed with victory and baited with its spoils. On the other hand, there were only *ten* men left in the Fort! There is not the slightest doubt that the Indians would have had the Fort and all its stores and all its lives, in half an hour, if the chiefs had not stifled their resentment, and restrained their people at the entreaty of Mr. Bordeaux.

Davis says, "during the *past year* the Sioux have committed many depredations on the property of emigrants," &c. Whitfield says:

> "This is the only case I have ever heard of their disturbing the stock of any train *during this season*, and if the Mormon had gone into the village, he could have got his cow without any trouble, but he took fright and left his cow."

As to the stores accumulated "near the post," what were they? They were the goods due from the United States to the Indians themselves, who were waiting to receive them from Whitfield, the agent, as soon as he should arrive. Here, then, was a stupendous plot to commit a horrible massacre for the purpose of robbing certain large stores *which were their own*, and certain other large stores within their reach, but which they never attempted to touch! The lie was as shallow as it is now deep-dyed in blood. Except that it has taken the form and dimensions of an army and ten miles of slaughter, we should be inclined to say to the Secretary, "You had better try again. You can invent something less discreditable to your understanding and more decent for the public gaze."

It is the duty of the people to arise and arrest this war, not for what it is (which is enough), but also for that to which it is intended to lead. It is true that the vulgar brutality of *rooting up*, tearing and scattering the remains of a great and once happy race, whom most men and all women admit to have suffered cruel wrongs at our hands, should cease. It is high time to try the effect of contact with them through men of disinterestedness, philanthropy and peace. Let us seek some men venerable for years, approved wisdom, integrity and humanity. Where is the Fenelon of the Church, the Franklin of the State, the Penn and Wilberforce of both? Let us entreat the Father of mercies to save our victims from us and us from ourselves. Let us even lay our *respectful* petitions before the man at whose sole behest the bloody gates of war are opened, and at whose behests alone (if Congress is constitutionally a cypher in this case) they can be shut. Let us, at least, importune him with millions of signatures to show us and the world the justice of his policy, if he is resolved that the crimson tide shall flow on.

Fortunately for us the Indian does not write history, but he hands it down. Though he cannot have the world for audience and sympathizers, he has his children and his children's children. They listen with an intensity the greater in proportion as the bosoms in which their indignation is pent are fewer and the hope of justice more desperate. Deceit, fraud, circumvention and violence form very nearly the sum total of what they have experienced and what they may expect from us. The inevitable consequence is, that access to their souls is denied to us, and unless a great and speedy change takes place in our conduct, will continue to be denied, until the last Indian wraps himself in his blanket and lays him down to die and to end the unsurpassed tragedy of his race. The most terrible penalty of injustice is to forfeit the privilege of repairing it.

It is not for one race that we speak, but for all, and most for our country. In the palliation of crime germinates the penalty. Reason and all experience tell us that they are and must be coëxtensive. It is impossible that the great and persistent neglect of the many and the rascality of the few in managing the protectorate and guardianship we have usurped over the Indians, should pass without bringing upon us at some day a signal retribution, one in all likelihood affecting the foundation of our National character and existence. Rome became covered with a tetter of corruption and sunk into a depth of degradation and woe, marvellously proportioned to the extent and atrocity of her tyranny, robberies and usurpations. The old Greek poet found out as well as the Hebrew prophet, that—

> "When the field is sown with wrong,
> The ripened fruit is death."

"The women fought furiously." Yes, and even more justifiably and gloriously than our mothers would, had they mingled in the battle of Bunker Hill.

"The *advent* of Gen. Harney!" This is very well said. Let Christian Churches and Missions improve upon the hint, and teach their Sioux disciples to commemorate it along with that other Advent, which sounds of peace, mercy and relief of the weary and heavy laden.

To let our readers see further what sort of an "advent" the Missouri editor proclaims, we lay before them the following particulars touching the character of this Gen. Harney.

Twenty-one years ago, he was stationed at St. Louis, being then, as now, an officer in the United States Army. He was the owner of two slaves, a man and his wife, the wife having been sold to him from motives of humanity on the part of the seller, "to keep her from being sent below."

The master or mistress *suspected* her of hiding a bunch of keys, which was missing, and to compel her to confess the offence, tied her up and commenced a process of tortures which he continued for three days, when she died. She was lacerated and mangled in so horrible a manner that the Jury of Inquest were unable to determine whether it was done with whips or with hot irons. The general opinion was, that it was done with both.

The verdict of the jury was published by the same paper which now reports Harney's progress in cruelty, in the following words:

> "An inquest was held at the dwelling-house of Major Harney, in this city, on the 27th inst. (June, 1834), on the body of Hannah, a slave. The jury, on their oaths, and after hearing the testimony of physicians and several other witnesses, found that said slave came to her death by wounds inflicted by *William S. Harney*."

Turning to the United States Official Register we find, at p. 170, the following entry: William S. Harney Colonel Second Regiment of Dragoons, Brig. Gen. Brevet, born in Louisiana.

The woman was the mother of a number of children and bore an excellent character, which, in fact, had interested her first owner to save her from the dreaded fate of being sold down South. Of course she would have told, if she could, where the keys were, and saved her life, and those days of unutterable horror of which she had no witness, except God.

The husband of this victim, a man unsurpassed in the city for piety and industry, became also "suspected" of whispering to the neighbours his apprehensions of what was going on. Thereupon the murderer commenced torturing him also, and persisted in the accumulated crime and horror of the fiendish work until the sufferer broke from his hands, rushed into the Mississippi and drowned himself. This case appears to have been considered as implicating Harney in so very slight a degree that no notice whatever was taken of it.

D. L. C.

Castner Hanway, the man who was tried for treason after the Christiana tragedy, has prosecuted George W. Pearce, editor of the West Chester *Republican*, for libel. The libel was exceedingly venomous, and we understand that the prosecutor has a good chance to obtain a verdict.

KANE STILL IMPLACABLE.

We informed our readers last week of Judge Kane's refusal to receive a respectful petition from Passmore Williamson, on the ground that the said petition was not "a purgation of his contempt." The Judge, however, avowed his willingness to hear argument upon the question as to his duty in the premises. The counsel offered argument accordingly; with what result the following report will show.

United States District Court. Oct. 26—*Judge Kane. The Passmore Williamson Case.*—This morning Messrs. Hopper, Gilpin and Meredith, Counsel for Williamson, appeared in Court for the purpose of arguing the question of the right of presenting to the Court a certain petition from their client, the same which they asked leave to file a few days ago, notice of the argument having been given to Mr. Van Dyke, United States District Attorney, who appeared on the other side.

Judge Kane desired to be informed by Mr. Meredith whether or not the petition in question contained a purgation of the contempt with which Mr. Williamson stands charged.

Mr. Meredith replied that the petition contained certain statements of facts, commencing from the time Mr. Williamson last saw the woman Jane Johnson getting into the carriage at Dock street; that he had not seen her since that time, had no control over her, or of those with whom she might be, stating his utter inability to comply with the command of the writ of habeas corpus to produce the body in Court; there was also in the petition a protest, respectfully set forth, against the jurisdiction of the Court in the premises. It was not possible, Mr. Meredith continued, for counsel to know of a certainty and say so to the Court, whether the petition was a purgation of the contempt; that was a matter of law which the Court, after reading or hearing the petition read, would decide.

Mr. Van Dyke objected to the receiving of the petition; he had read a copy of it, and it contained no purgation of the contempt whatever; but, on the contrary, there was a direct denial of the jurisdiction of the Court; there was no attempt on the part of the petitioner to purge himself of the contempt.

Mr. Meredith said he differed from the learned District Attorney upon the law of the case, and that made it the more necessary for the Court to decide between them. Mr. Meredith then proceeded to speak of the practice of the English Courts, both at Law and in Chancery, in relation to the two kinds of contempts found in the books; one kind of contempt was that committed by the party in open court against the Judge personally, or against his officers; another was where the party refused to obey the process of the Court. Of this latter kind was that in the present instance; it was not pretended that Mr. Williamson had offered any personal indignity to the Court, or that his conduct in Court was any other than correct and proper. Mr. Meredith, after reciting a number of authorities which he argued were precedents justifying them in asking the Court to receive the petition, said it was impossible for the Court, without reading or hearing the petition read, to know whether it was a proper paper to be received or not, or whether or not it purports to be, or is a purgation of the contempt. He asked the Judge to read privately the petition, simply that he might be informed of its contents, and not at all with a view to its being considered filed, or as forming part of the record of the Court.

This, the Judge said, he was perfectly willing to do, and a copy was accordingly handed to him for perusal. The argument then proceeded on a motion for leave to present a petition.

The Court required the counsel to address their argument to this point only: Whether the Court can receive any other paper than one which purports to be a purgation of the contempt.

Mr. Gilpin then proceeded to the argument of that question. He cited a number of authorities, both English and American, and argued that, by the practice as found in the books, it was right for the Court to receive the petition in question. What the Court should see proper to do with it afterwards, was another question; they now desired it to be received and filed of record.

Mr. Van Dyke replied. He argued that the Court could receive no paper which did not *prima facie* contain a purgation of the contempt; that was the first step, and only after that could Williamson be reinstated before the Court. He cited a number of authorities to maintain his position.

Mr. Meredith replied in an able argument.

Oct. 27.—The argument on the question of the reception of the petition of Passmore Williamson was resumed on Saturday morning, in the United States District Court, in Philadelphia, before Judge Kane. The court-room was crowded with spectators, among whom we noticed quite a number of prominent members of the Abolition party.

At the opening of the Court, Judge Kane said:

> "I have read the paper which was submitted to my inspection by the counsel of Mr. Williamson, on Friday, and do not find that it contains either a purgation of his contempt or the expression of a wish on his part to make such a purgation."

The Judge then remarked that he was ready to listen to the argument of counsel.

Mr. Meredith said he had hoped that this would have been unnecessary. In the present case, Mr. M. said, the contempt consisted of nothing but a failure to make a full compliance with the writ of the Court. He had found nothing in the authorities, either English or American, where persons were held guilty of a contempt in responding to a writ of habeas corpus, unless the return was evasive. Mr. Meredith referred to a case in 3d Mason, where, in a return to a writ before Judge Story, there was clearly an evasion shown on the face of the return. Under these circumstances Judge Story declared that the course of practice was to propound interrogatories and compel the respondent to disclose more fully. Mr. M. submitted whether it was not proper to subject the petitioner in the case to a further questioning. He could not find in English or American books any other course.

Mr. Meredith, in a strong and most able argument, urged the right of the committed man (when committed for such contempts as Williamson's) to have the interrogatories filed within four days from the time of the contempt.

The counsel quoted the work of Sergeant Hawkins in support of his position. He went on to argue that in this we have an uncontradicted case. Here there has been no opprobrious language used in the Court, and no personal offence had been committed toward the Judge. Even if in strict practice, and the counsel admitted in such case the defendant stood in contempt, the proper form was to get leave from the Court to file an answer; was this a case in which such practice should prevail?

Judge Kane here remarked that a case which occurred to him as more closely analagous to this than any the learned counsel had referred to was one in which the party who in default of answering the interrogatory propounded was held as contempt. Then it was held that the party should apply under the old rule to come into the Court and answer the interrogatories propounded to him when he might at the discretion of the Court be excused from the alleged contempt.

Mr. Meredith asked that the Court make an order submitting certain interrogatories such as it would deem sufficient to the prisoner, the proper answer to which would be enough to purge him of the contempt.

The Court then said, in some of the cases mentioned we know that the party adjudged to be in contempt submitted himself to the interrogatories either by writing or per se. I see no difficulty of the Court giving this decision in the form of an order.

He said the research which the counsel have made and which they can be assured they had also to make, must have assured them of the fact that the precedents were not clear or uniform.

The suggestion of the counsel now has frequently been intimated by the Court. The prisoner might at any time, under a proper application, have been before the Court. If there was a misunderstanding of the position of the case by the counsel for Mr. Williamson, it is a matter of sincere regret to me.

Mr. Meredith said he could not find any case of petition that interrogatories should be filed in any of the English books.

Judge Kane—The gentleman, Mr. Williamson, is now recusant, and I often think that forms *sometimes* have meaning; and I cannot interfere otherwise than to say as I have said above.

Mr. Meredith—I can enlarge the meaning—forms *always* have meaning—and I cannot find any case in which the forms in such a proceeding as this are of the highest importance. He then read from 6 Price, in relation to the absolute disobedience of an injunction. In this case the man was allowed to purge his contempt without anything more than paying his costs.

Mr. Meredith continued his argument at length. In one part of which he asserted that no intentional disrespect had been committed in the face of the Court by Mr. Williamson—that even in the habeas corpus return, or in the petition, he did not find an unnecessary disavowal.

He argued that the purging interrogatories must be filed. If not filed, the party was entitled to his discharge. He argued from the "Chancery practice" of Smith, that the defendant ought only to be imprisoned until he shall have properly answered the interrogatories put to him, or until he be discharged by the Court.

The learned gentleman concluded, after thanking the Court for the patience with which it had listened to him. The apology was hardly necessary, since the speech of Mr. Mr., of which we present but the barest outline above, was one which did full justice to his eminent abilities and extended reputation

Mr. Van Dyke, the District-Attorney, then said that the question now was whether a person properly in contempt had any standing in Court whatever. So far as Mr. Williams is concerned he has no standing. The argument of the gentlemen on the other side must be taken as arguing against the adjudication of this Court. How far can a man in contempt come into Court and purge that contempt? How did the counsel get over the fact that his client was in contempt?

Mr. Van Dyke continued the argument in the same tenor for some time.

Judge Kane's Decision—*Monday, Oct. 29.*—In the matter of the petition of Passmore Williamson, the question of the reception of which was argued in the United States District Court, before Judge Kane on Friday and Saturday of last week, Judge Kane filed the following "order" this morning:

"The United States of America agt. Williamson.—And now, October the 29th, 1855, the Court having heard argument upon the motion for leave to read and file among the records in this case a certain paper writing purporting to be the petition of Passmore Williamson, and having considered thereof, do refuse the leave moved for; inasmuch as it appears that the said Passmore Williamson is now remaining in contempt of this Court, and that by the said paper writing he doth in nowise make purgation of his said contempt, nor doth he thereby pray that he may be permitted to make such purgation, wherefore the said Passmore Williamson hath not at this time a standing in this Court.

"To the end, however, that the said Passmore Williamson may, when thereto minded, the more readily relieve himself of his said contempt,

"It is ordered, that, whenever, by petition in writing, to be filed with the clerk, Passmore Williamson shall set forth, under his oath or solemn affirmation, that he 'desires to purge himself of the contempt because of which he is now attached, and to that end is willing to make true answers to such interrogatories as may be addressed to him by the Court, touching the matters heretofore legally inquired of by the writ of habeas corpus, to him directed at the relation of John H. Wheeler,' then the marshal do bring the said Passmore Williamson before the Court, if in session, or if the Court be not in session, then before the Judge at his chambers, to abide the further order of the Court in his behalf; and it is further ordered that the clerk do furnish copies of this order to the said Passmore Williamson, and to the attorney of the United States, and to the marshal.

J. K. Kane."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Oct. 29.*

Anti-Slavery Lectures in Boston.—A Course of Lectures on Slavery will be delivered in Boston, in the Tremont Temple, in the order indicated in the following list, viz.:

Nov. 22—{ Hon. Horace Mann, of Ohio.
{ John G. Whittier, Esq., Poem.
Dec. 6—{ Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Drama,
{ Read by Mrs. M. E. Webb,
Dec. 13—Hon. Joseph M. Root, of Ohio.
Dec. 20—Hon. Henry J. Raymond, of New York.
Dec. 27—Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio.
Jan. 3—Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama.
Jan. 24—Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia.
Jan. 31—Hon. Henry B. Stanton, of New York.
Feb. 7—Wendell Phillips, Esq.
Feb. 14—Dr. William Elder, of Pennsylvania.
Feb. 21—Hon. James Bell, of New Hampshire.
March 6—Edwin P. Whipple, Esq.

Probable Substitutes.

Hon. A. P. Butler, of South Carolina.
William Lloyd Garrison, Esq.
Dr. William A. Smith, of Virginia.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of New York.

We learn that the New York Anti-Slavery Society does not contemplate a *full* course this year. It has, however, made arrangements to produce Mrs. Stowe's Drama, and secured already the services of Hon. Henry Wilson, Rev. Theodore Parker, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison as lecturers.

Passmore Williamson in Prison.—Thomas Curtis, bookseller, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia, has issued a lithographic picture of Passmore Williamson, presenting a full length view of his person and of the cell in which he has been so long confined. Mr. Williamson is represented in a sitting posture, his cot-bed on one side and the grated door of his cell on the other. The price of the picture is 50 cents. It is for sale at this office.

—The following note will explain itself.

To the Editors of The Standard.

Are the friends of liberty and truth aware that at the store of Thomas Curtis, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia, may be seen a large Crayon portrait of Passmore Williamson, which is intended to be presented to him by Ten Thousand of his friends subscribing their names and one cent apiece? The list has been opened one week, and about one thousand names have been written, every one of which is a testimony to truth and a reproof to Judge Kane. Will our country friends take notice of this, and, when visiting Philadelphia, call and bear testimony? c.

Littell's Living Age, No. 597, opens with the London *Times's* graphic account of the Fall of Sebastopol, and contains besides the usual variety of literary articles, including Part XI. of "Zaidee."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXVII.

The Argument.—The Correspondent telleth of the National Cattle Show—He divideth and distinguisheth what was there—Also as to racing and trotting—He toucheth on the Weather—He goeth not to the Banquet—And why—He maketh a Horatian distinction—He hopeth that the Union was saved—And knoweth it, too—And where—He describeth the Anniversary of the Garrison Mob—And praiseth the Gentlemen of Property and Standing—He doth justice to the Faneuil Hall Meeting—He condemneth the Abolitionists—And mourneth over the losses they have caused—He telleth of the Radical Political Convention—And giveth his judgment of its objects—He doth justice to Mr. Mellen—And quoteth parson Sprague—He concludeth by speaking of Election prospects, of Mr. Winthrop's letter, of shelves for politicians, and also of anchors, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1855.

We had a busy time here last week. It is said there were never so many people in the city at one time as during the last se'nnight. Perhaps it was so. At any rate, there were heaps of people, and the hotels were overrunning with customers. The occasion of this conflux was the Third Anniversary of the National Agricultural Society. This collected an unlimited quantity of bullocks and men whose talk is of the same; of horses and the peculiar people which that race of animals has called into existence; of fat oxen, whose drivers, if they were fat in proportion, according to the *obiter dictum* of Dr. Johnson, must have been abnormally pinguetudinous; of sheep, from which is shorn the genuine golden fleece; and swine; with which mankind, without any miracle, have managed to divide the devils which possess themselves. An immense space was inclosed within a high fence, thirty or forty acres, I believe, on the public lands between Boston and Roxbury, for admission to which the sum of twenty-five cents was demanded. Around this space were arrayed the pens for the different animals offered for prizes, and in the centre was an extensive Course for the exhibition of the horses. We do not approve of *racing* in New England, you understand; but *trotting* is entirely another affair. Of course, there is never any betting in these cases, and the trial is purely for the promotion of improved breeding. Still, it was a fine and exciting sight to see the competition between the noble creatures and the great multitudes present; the crowds filling the amphitheatre which was built round a portion of the course, the flags waving, the bands playing, and the people shouting, altogether made up a very remarkable scene.

The Fair, or Show, opened on Tuesday with a tolerable day. But on Wednesday the rain came down as if another flood were toward, after all the strange beasts were in the ark. But, luckily for the promoters of the Exhibition, they *were* all there, so that they were on the spot and could be kept there until wanted. The ten or twelve gentlemen who have pledged themselves to stand in the gap, in case of a *fiasco*, to the tune of five hundred dollars a-piece, began to shiver in their shoes, lest an evil day of account was laid up against them. However, by fortune or by fate, Thursday proved to be a fine day. It was intended to be the great day of the feast, and, though the grounds and the course were fearfully wet and muddy, the throngs of people could hardly find admittance through the three spacious gateways. Indeed, many were turned away, or gave up in despair and put off their visit to another day. To be sure, it was a general holiday, and certainly a most unexceptionable one. On Friday, there was a grand banquet, at which Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop, and sundry other dignitaries of various weight of metal, let off their great guns. I did not go myself, having long since made up my mind that however sweet and decorous it may be to *die* for one's country, it is neither the one nor the other to *dine* for it. "Here note a diversity," as my lord Coke saith. There is much virtue in a single letter oftentimes. So I cannot tell you whether the Union was saved or not, or how many times. But I cannot think so ill of the patriotism of the gentlemen present as to suppose for a moment that they could have pretermitted so glorious an opportunity of performing that arduous service. However that may have been, you may comfort yourselves by knowing that the Union was saved that afternoon, on the Common, by the Colonel of one of the Regiments into which the Sims Brigade is divided. Somebody or other gave it a stand of colours, which, I presume (for I did not see them), contained a slave, *sable, passant*, with a shopkeeper, *gules rampant*, after him, surmounted by two dollars, *argent*, shadowing forth the glorious service of the 2d of June, 1854, together with the guerdon bestowed on them by a grateful Country. The gallant Colonel actually bragged of the service! And the Regiment cheered him! They were thinking of their day's wages, no doubt! The bones chucked to them from Washington, which they snapped up so greedily, the dirty dogs!

We begun the week, however, on Sunday, in advance of all these happenings. That day happened to be the Anniversary of the Mob of 1835, sometimes called the Garrison Mob, and sometimes the Mob of Gentlemen of Property and Standing. The building in which the old A. S. Office was, has been pulled down long since. But, exactly on the same spot is a Hall which was wisely selected for the place of a fitting celebration. It was not capable of holding a large number—not more, probably, than three or four hundred. It was entirely filled, most of the veterans of the Anti-Slavery Cause who were within reach being present. Messrs. Garrison, Phillips, Parker, H. C. Wright and others, spoke to great acceptation. It was a truly interesting and suggestive occasion. The gentlemen in fine broadcloth who came up to the rescue of their country on that occasion were not so far out as they might have been. The Faneuil Hall Meeting which was held to procure and stimulate it was wise in its generation, after all. Mr. Otis and Judge Sprague were far-seeing men, unquestionably. They knew how great a matter a little fire kindleth, and they knew, too, that there was no lack of fuel to make a grand Conflagration. If they only could have stopped the mischievous breath that was blowing away at the embers, what a difference it would have made, to be sure! The trouble was that they *couldn't*. They had the best of dispositions, but they had undertaken a task too big for them. And the consequences we see all around us and throughout the country. They would have saved us a world of trouble, if they only could have put down those plaguy Abolitionists. Who knows but you and I might have been members of the General Court here, or of the Board of Aldermen with you? Only think what pretty pickings you have lost! Wendell Phillips might have been a Congressman, perhaps! What a calamity to him, that he ever touched this rascally business! Why, perhaps, he would have been as famous an orator as Mr. Everett or Mr. Winthrop, and the people would have come together in crowds to hear him speak, whenever they had a chance! Mr. Garrison might have had the public printing, perhaps, and a fat office in the Customs into the bargain, possibly. But he deserves no compassion. He ought to have known better than to stir the matter at all.

The week was also selected as the time for holding a Convention of the Radical Political Abolitionists, of which Messrs. Gerrit Smith, Beriah Green and William Goodell are the leaders and most creditable members. These excellent gentlemen, with their *tail*, came together to show that there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that refers to Slavery, but that the whole thing is illegal, unconstitutional, and that it is within the power of Congress to abolish it at once. I did not attend the Meetings, myself, as I could not regard it as a profitable mode of spending time. It seems to me like holding a Convention to argue any one of the Axioms out of Euclid, or to establish the fact that there is no slavery at all in the country. Which, it strikes me, would be a yet more compendious as well as more common-sensical way of disposing of the question. Still, if any ingenious gentleman can cypher slavery out of the Constitution to his own satisfaction, and feels himself called upon to preach so odd a paradox of the Anti-Slavery gospel, I have no objection in life. I never had the smallest antipathy to Mr. Mellen's doctrine of the Abolition of Slavery by means of the Habeas Corpus, excepting when urged, out of order, in Anti-Slavery Meetings. Without the slightest intention of disrespect to all the members of the last week's Convention who are worthy of respect, I must say that Mr. Mellen's law and philosophy seem to me sounder and more practicable than theirs. Unless, indeed, he be accepted as the founder of their school. I think he will sooner find a Bench of United States Judges that will adjudge Slavery to be unconstitutional, or in the alternative of their setting it up, obtain a Congress that will impeach and remove them, than they will convert a majority of the people to their way of thinking. However, the course is open to both of them, and I will do all I can to secure them a fair field and no favour. I can only say to them both, as parson Sprague, of Dublin, N. H., said to his people touching the possibility of their removing the Monadnock mountain by mere stress of Faith, "I don't believe you can do it; but you can try, any of you!"

As the Election day approaches the interest in it naturally increases. The Republican party have laid themselves out for a vigorous campaign and are doing the work which must be done in order to a political victory. Their chief speakers are traversing the State holding meetings in the different towns, and Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson speak at the more populous places. They are sanguine of success, and regard the Whig nomination Mr. Walley as one of the elements of success. This, by providing a City of Refuge for those Whigs who, otherwise, would have swelled the vote of Mr. Beach, the candidate of Rum and Democracy. Fears are yet entertained as to the strength of Governor Gardner's party. Nobody can tell exactly how extensively the secret organization of the Know-Nothings exists, and there is a tendency in the human mind to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, a what we know nothing about, for much bigger than it is. I trust, however, its unknown quantities will turn out anything but magnificent. Mr. Winthrop has written a letter declaring his loyal adherence to the Whig party and his sense of the paramount importance of local over national matters, at this inconsiderable juncture! of Liquor Laws and Bills intended for the protection of Personal Liberty over resistance to the permanent and universal sway of the Slave Power! I have heard before of politicians being laid on the shelf; but I do not exactly remember an example of one taking the pains to climb up and lay himself there. His determination to stand by the poor old battered, water-logged craft which Mr. Webster scuttled with his dying hand, may be magnanimous and self-denying, but it is anything but prudent and forecasting. It reminds one of the pedant of Hierocles, who, when the ship was going to pieces, made himself fast to the anchor.

N. Y.

MARRIED.

Win—Pusey.—On the 25th ult., by Friends' ceremony, Jacob Win to Elizabeth J. Pusey, both of Philadelphia.

Dingee—Parker.—On Sunday, Oct. 28th, by the Rev. Theo. Parker, of Boston, Mr. Wm. W. Dingee, of York, Pa., to Miss Martha A. Parker, of Lexington, Mass.

Hoopes—Barnard.—On the 11th instant, at the house of Eusebius Barnard, by Friends' ceremony, Thomas Hoopes, of Delaware County, to Elizabeth Barnard, of Chester Co., Pa.

DIED.

Mann.—At the residence of his son, Lewis Mann, in Coudersport, Pa., Oct. 21, after a short and almost painless illness, John Mann, in the 72d year of his age.

Walton.—At Toledo, Ohio, on the 18th of October, Anna Mifflin Walton, wife of Edward H. Walton, and daughter of James Townsend, of Byberry, Pa., aged 34.

Stanton.—On the 18th ultimo, at his residence in Akron, Ohio, of typhoid fever, Dr. Joseph Stanton, son of Benjamin and Martha Stanton, of Salem, Columbiana Co., in the 32d year of his age. The body of the deceased was taken to Salem for interment, and was followed to the grave by a large number of devoted friends.

Fussell.—At his residence, Fall Creek, Madison Co., Indiana, on Second day evening, the 15th ult., Joseph Fussell, in the 69th year of his age. He was a consistent member of the Society of Friends; maintaining a practical testimony against War, Slavery, and Intemperance in all things; and being faithful unto death, has doubtless received the "crown of life."

Schooley.—Passed into the spirit world, on the evening of the 24th ult., in the 50th year of his age, Azaliah Schooley, of the town of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y. Few men are removed, the loss of whose society, in the quiet and unobtrusive walks of life, will be more deeply felt by relatives and friends, and the latter were many. To know him was to love him. In the relations of husband, father, friend and neighbour, his example was indeed beautiful. While firm to the true and right, his kind and gentle spirit subdued and conciliated their opposites, and won, almost universally, love or esteem. His philanthropy, as his religion, refused the limitations of sect or class. Man was his brother, and to the appeals of suffering humanity his heart responded. The elevation of universal man—his progressive development in intelligence and goodness, was a cherished object of his desires. Hence slavery, intemperance, and every social wrong and degrading vice, as antagonistic of this object, received his hearty condemnation. A firm believer in immortality, both from reflection and a careful attention to facts, many of them coming within his own observation and experience, the composure and cheerfulness with which he met a gradually declining state of health, and the sweet serenity of countenance which continued with him to the close, were truly instructive and delightful to contemplate. Consciousness remained to the end, and his close was quiet and gentle, as if breathing his spirit into the embraces of angel visitants in performance of a mission from the Infinite Parent.

T. M.

Special Notices.

☞ Philadelphia Fair Circle.—This Circle will meet at the house of Margaret A. Griscom, No. 216 Arch street, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7.

☞ The Stated Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, November 8th, Thursday, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

H. L. Stickney Sec'y.

Advertisements.

SHARON FEMALE SEMINARY, one mile from the village of Darby and seven from Philadelphia. The building is lighted by gas, warmed by furnaces, and furnished with commodious bath-rooms.

The next session will commence on the 15th of 9th mo. (Sept.). This institution is supplied with philosophical, chemical and physiological apparatus, compound microscope, &c. The physiological apparatus includes a complete Parisian model of the human system, which admits of dissection. The astronomical observatory is furnished with instruments of the best quality and construction. An extensive geological and mineralogical cabinet, containing 3,000 specimens, and a well-selected library of standard works, greatly aid the pupils in their studies. French, Latin and drawing are also taught.

Application can be made to R. S. JACKSON, Principal.
Darby, Delaware County, Pa. 5t

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE COLLEGE, Chartered by the Legislature for the Liberal Education of young women.

The course of study is extensive and thorough. Ladies can take the regular course, or select such branches as are deemed expedient, in each individual case.

The College is conducted upon liberal principles, and is believed to fill a desideratum in the educational system of our country, that had been seriously felt.

For further information address the Principal for circulars,
J. W. SUNDERLAND,
8t Perkeoman Bridge, Montgomery Co., Pa.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON IN MOYAMENSING JAIL—Just published a fine Portrait from life, taken in the Cell in which he is confined by Judge Kane, for an alleged Contempt of Court. This interesting picture is now ready, price 50 cents, or in gold frames, price $2 00. Persons residing at a distance will have a copy sent post free, on receipt of 55 cts.

A fine proof impression, price $1 00 on sale, wholesale and retail, by THOMAS CURTIS, 134 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous Department.

PETER THE GREAT IN ENGLAND.

THERE was to be seen till lately in the Palace at Hampton Court, a fine full-length portrait of a beardless young man (intentionally beardless), in armour, with a broad and vigorous expression of face, with large eyes that betray a fixed determination of purpose, and, I must add, a liking for strong drinks. I refer to the portrait of Peter the Great, which Sir Godfrey Kneller painted for King William the Third during the brief visit of three months which the Czar paid to England in the exceeding sharp and cold season of the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight. Kneller was never happier than in this picture. He knew his strength; and in the background—a sea-scape (as painters affect to call such things)—he obtained the assistance of the younger Valdervelde, a master in the treatment of maritime matters. This picture is now, I believe, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert took it away during the visit to England of the late Emperor Nicholas: but his royal highness, now that the case is altered, may perhaps think proper to return it to its old quarters.

Peter was in his twenty-sixth year when he first set foot in England. He had been learning ship-building at Amsterdam, and his visit to England was for no other avowed purpose than that of improving his mechanical skill by steady labour in our naval dockyards. He came among us with the approbation of King William the Third; houses were hired for him and his rough retinue, and paid for by the king.

His first London lodging was in Norfolk Street, in the Strand, then a newly-built street, and one of the best inhabited streets in London. Some red-brick houses of Peter's time still exist. His second house—I might almost call it his country house—was at Saye's Court, in Deptford, on the banks of the Thames, contiguous to the Royal Dockyard—then in the tenancy of Evelyn, author of the Sylva (now better known by his Memoirs), but recently sublet by him to no less a person than the bluff and brave Admiral Benbow.

The chief native attendant of the Czar bore a name that has lately become familiar enough in English ears: he was called Prince Menzikoff. His English attendant was Osborne Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards the second Duke of Leeds. The marquis was a naval officer of talent and distinction; and this selection by the king was in every way appropriate.

His visit was one of entire privacy, and consequently without those courtly ceremonies attending his arrival which usually accompanied the visits of king and emperors and their ambassadors. He came to this country from the Hague with Vice-Admiral Mitchell, and arrived among us on Tuesday, the eleventh of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven—eight. His arrival was soon made public, but the privacy of his visit was still as far as possible maintained. On the day after his arrival he went incognito in a hackney-coach to Kensington, to see William the Third and his court at dinner—dining in public being then a custom still lingering about royalty. On the following day he called on the Marquis of Caermarthen in Leicester Square, then an invalid, having hurt his leg at the fire which, only a week before the Czar arrived among us, ceased to make Whitehall the palace of a sovereign. On the Friday following he received a visit from King William the Third. It was a private visit made by the king in the coach of the Earl of Romney, the brother of Algernon Sidney, and the handsome Sidney of De Grammont's Memoirs. The Czar accompanied the king in Lord Romney's coach as far as Whitehall, where he stepped into his own carriage, and, attended by the Guards, went in his robes to the House of Peers. The penny-a-liner of the time, from whom we derive these particulars, adds: "His Czarish majesty was there, it is said, incognito." But this I see reason to doubt.

Peter the Great, while in England, was as shy and unwilling to be seen as Peter the Wild Boy. He was present at a ball given at Kensington by King William in honour of the birthday of the Princess Anne, afterwards queen; or rather he may be said to have seen the ball, for his shyness confined him to a small room, from which he could see without being seen. When he saw King William on his throne in the House of Lords (a sight he had expressed a particular wish to see), it was not from the gallery nor from below the bar of the house, but from a gutter in the house-top, from which he was enabled to peep through a window into the house. He retired from this unpleasant point of view sooner, it is said, than he intended; for he made so ridiculous a figure (says Lord Dartmouth, who was present) that neither king nor peers could forbear laughing.

He was taken to all our London sights at that time of any moment. To the lions and armories in the Tower; to the monuments and wax figures in Westminster Abbey; to Lambeth Palace; to the masquerade on the last night of the Temple revels; and to the two theatres in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens. He was chiefly attracted by the Tower and the performances at Drury Lane. The wild beasts and implements of war were adapted to his rougher nature, while the charms of a Miss Cross, the original Miss Hoyden, in Vanbrugh's Relapse, and the first actress who had Miss prefixed to her name in playbills, were so engaging that the rough Czar of Russia became enamoured of her beauty. Of this Miss Cross the story is told in the Spectator, that when she first arrived in the Low Countries she was not computed to be so handsome as Madam van Brisket by near half a ton. There is a fine old mezzotinto which still preserves to us the beautiful features that won the youthful heart of Peter the Great.

He did not speak English, nor is he known to have been at all desirous of learning it. Few of his sayings have therefore been preserved. Three, however, have reached us. He told Admiral Mitchell that he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Czar of Russia. To King William he observed, "If I were the adviser of your majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and to convert St. James's once more into an hospital." When in Westminster Hall, he inquired who the busy gentlemen were in wigs and gowns; and being told they were lawyers—"Lawyers!" said he; "why, I have but two in my whole dominions, and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home."

The Marquis of Caermarthan was very attentive to the wishes of the Czar. On Tuesday last (records the penny-a-liner of the period) the Marquis of Caermarthen treated the Czar of Muscovy in a splendid manner. He took him to Chatham to a launch, and to Spithead to a naval review. They went to Spithead by the old Portsmouth road, and returned the same way, resting at Godalming for a day, where (at the King's Arms Inn, in the High Street) they had two meals: breakfast and dinner. The bills of fare on the occasion have been preserved by Wanley, the learned keeper of Lord Oxford's library. They were thirteen at table (an uncomfortable number), and twenty-one in all. At breakfast they had half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, nine quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner they had five ribs of beef (weight three stone), one sheep (weight fifty-six pounds three-quarters), a shoulder of lamb, and a loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret. Here is a bill reminding us, by its locality and rabbits, of Mary Tofts, who has given an unhappy celebrity to the pleasant little post-town of Godalming in Surrey. I have often wondered if the story of the Czar's two meals was remembered by the Emperor Alexander when, in eighteen hundred and fourteen, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, he passed through Godalming to Portsmouth, to return to the capital of the Czar Peter!

There was a natural curiosity among the English people to see a sovereign from so remote a country as Muscovy. [illegible] Overton, the printseller (he is immortalized by Pope), took advantage of this desire, and borrowing a [illegible] from Holland of the effigies of his Czarish majesty, [illegible] sufficient impression to satisfy the public. Other proof of his popularity have been preserved. A [illegible] of the Czar of Muscovy was [illegible] by the tenth of February in the [illegible] York Buildings, the Hanover Square [illegible] and the History of the Ancient and Present State of Muscovy, by Abel Roper, was [illegible] to be published this term—the lawyer then, as [illegible] after materially regulating the London [illegible].

I have discovered the name of the opera which the Czar went to hear. It was Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian with alterations and additions after the manner of an opera made by Betterton the great actor. It was a new opera. The music was by Purcell, the dances by Mr. Priest, and the [illegible] and clothes were costly and effective. [illegible] piece and there was enough [illegible] to whom everything of the kind [illegible].

[illegible] was advertised for Thursday the [illegible] of February sixteen hundred and ninety seven-eight. It was at Exeter Change, in the Strand, and [illegible] enough. A Redoubt after the Venetian manner, where, continues the advertisement, "there [illegible] tolerable [illegible] bank, and a variety of other entertainments. No person was to be admitted without [illegible]. Tickets were to be had at the well-known [illegible] Ozinda's and White's, and the entertainment was to begin exactly at ten o'clock at night." Peter came from Deptford to London to see this [illegible]; but he found it suppressed with [illegible] at the door to prohibit the performance. For [illegible] his disappointment—so Mr. Bertie writes to the [illegible]—he fell to drinking hard at the [illegible] with the Marquis of Caermarthen, it being [illegible] brother-in-law's. Here [illegible] with the Marquis) he dined the next day—drank [illegible] sherry and [illegible] of brandy for his morning [illegible] after [illegible] eight more bottles of sack, [illegible] went to the playhouse.

[illegible] a cordial at this time fit for the closet of any person of quality, and very popular, as we may believe [illegible] advertisement, called Nectar Ambrosia, the [illegible] cordial—we are assured by the proprietor—that ever was made in England. It was prepared from the richest spices, herbs, and flowers, and drawn from right Nantz brandy. On Wednesday, the ninth of February, the author of the new cordial called Nectar Ambrosia, so much in vogue of late, presented the Czar of Muscovy with a large bottle of it curiously wrought in flint, which his Czarish majesty very kindly accepted, and he, the prince, and the rest of his nobles very highly approved of it. The proprietor was Mr. John How, living in Ram's Head Yard, in Fenchurch Street; a man no doubt of many trades, for I find that he was the publisher—in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine—of Ned Ward's London Spy. Ned himself afterwards kept a public-house, and may have had a finger in the concoction of the Nectar Ambrosia, that so took the Czar. This celebrated compound was sold in bottles, price two shillings and one shilling each, and in glasses of twopence and one penny each. The newspapers inform us, that the Czar afterwards sent for a quantity—highly approving of it.

There was a great meeting while Peter was in England, and at which he was expected to have been present. This was the Newmarket meeting, then the centre of attraction for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and other kindred pursuits. Led horses for the Czar—the papers report—had been sent to the palace. The king was there, attended by five dukes, eleven earls; by barons, baronets, knights, and squires. There was much that was attractive. The famous Yorkshire horse, backed by Mr. Boucher, was to run against Mr. Frampton's Turk. The distance was four miles—the weight that each was to carry was ten stone, and the stake five hundred pounds. Among the earls was a great captain, the future Duke of Marlborough. Lord Godolphin also was present—whose name, through his famed "Arabian," is known to thousands who never heard of the Godolphin ministry, nor Sid Hamlet's rod, made immortal by Dean Swift.

There was one person whom the Czar (while in England) expressed a wish to meet, and that was Edmund Halley, the great mathematician and astronomer, whose practical acquaintance with the variation of the compass and the courses of the tides he rightly thought were matters of great importance. Halley spoke German fluently, and Peter was pleased with the conversation of the illustrious Englishman.

Religious enthusiasts sought eagerly to see this ruler of barbaric millions. The Quakers were, of course, the most pressing. William Penn (he lived in Norfolk Street) had an interview with him. The brother-in-law of Robert Barclay (the apologist) managed to converse with him on Quaker tenets, and to obtain his acceptance of two copies of Barclay's book. A teazing question was put by the Czar to Barclay's brother-in-law. "Of what use can you be in any kingdom or government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?" The Czar was inclined to look upon them as Jesuits, but altered his opinion, and with his attendants in the English costume of the time, attended a Quaker meeting in White Hart Court, in Gracechurch Street: in that court where, only a few years before, Fox the founder of the sect had died. His presence was recognised, and, to avoid the gaze which he could not endure, he left before the meeting was over.

When Peter was in England the see of Canterbury was filled by Tenison—the same Tenison who, as vicar of St. Martin's had preached a sermon of forgiveness at the funeral of Eleanor Gwyn. Peter paid a visit to the prelate at Lambeth, and, having expressed a wish to be informed as to our religion and constitution, the Archbishop, with the approbation of the king, selected the Bishop of Salisbury. No better man could have been chosen. The Bishop of Salisbury of that time was Gilbert Burnet, who had written the History of our Reformed Religion, the same divine who administered consolation to the death-bed of Rochester, and contributed religious comfort to Russell in the cell and on the scaffold.

Burnet had good interpreters, and had much free discourse with him. He found that he was subject to convulsive motions over his body, and that his head seemed to be affected by them; that he was not wanting in capacity, and had a larger measure of knowledge than his education had led him to expect. He found him a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion, raising his natural heat by frequent recourse to brandy, which he rectified himself. His turn was for mechanics; and nature—so thought the bishop—seemed to have designed him rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He was resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live with them. He was desirous to understand the doctrine of the Church of England, but did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy. The bishop adds—and this, perhaps, is the most important portion of what he has related about Peter—"He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire."

Here we have, explained, the policy which Russia has been pursuing secretly, but sometimes openly (now openly enough), since Peter learned to build ships at Deptford. Little, perhaps, did the Czar imagine that this policy was, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, to cost the country in which he was learning the arts of aggression, a fleet in the Baltic, a fleet in the Black Sea, and an expedition into the Sea of Azoff. Nay, that to repel his attack on the Turkish empire, France and England should join their forces for the first time; and that the existence of Turkey as an empire would be fought for, as it now is (a world-wide fact), before the greatest stronghold of Russia or of any nation, ancient or modern.

The Czar liked brandy and Ambrosia, and he liked a strong mixture called "pepper and brandy." The Marquis of Caermarthen often joined him in his orgies. But what told on the Czar Peter—perhaps from its frequency—is not known to have been injurious to the English marquis. Peter was at this time subject to convulsive motions of the body, that seemed, as I have already related, to affect his head. But the English were deep drinkers, especially our sailors, and the marquis was an English admiral—so, indeed, was Benbow, another of Peter's companions during his three months' visit to England. Peter should have known (we fear he did not) the most distinguished admiral then alive—Admiral Russell, who defeated the French off La Hogue, for which he was created Earl of Orford, and who is said to have mixed the largest bowls of punch ever made. One was dug in his garden at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, the other he made at Lisbon.

There is still to be seen in Little Tower Street, in the City of London, a public-house (recently refronted) bearing the sign of the Czar's Head. This was the favourite resort of Peter when in London. Hither he would come from Deptford after his labours in the dockyard, and his watching the changes which the artificers of the yard were making in a yacht called the Royal Transport, which King William had presented to him, with permission to make such alterations in her as he considered necessary. He came from Deptford to London in a small decked boat, which he assisted in working to Tower Stairs. After the orgies he delighted in, he was not, I fear, very well fitted to pilot the boat on their return down the river to Deptford; but the Thames was not then lashed and troubled by large and small steamers and boats of every description, which now crowd her waters from London Bridge to Blackwell. He may have concluded his nights at the Czar's Head.

King William was not inattentive to the Czar. He made him a second visit, at which an odd incident occurred. The Czar had a favourite monkey, which usually sat upon the back of the Czar's chair. As soon as the king was seated, the monkey jumped somewhat angrily upon him. The "great Nassau" was disconcerted, the whole ceremonial discomposed and most of the time—Lord Dartmouth, who tells the story, assures us—was spent in apologies for the monkey's behaviour.

The Czar is said to have enjoyed his visit to England, but it was high time for him to return. He had been apprehensive of his sister's intrigues, and a confirmation of his suspicions hurried him away. On Monday the eighteenth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, he went to Kensington, to take leave of the king. "He thanked his majesty for the kind entertainment and honour he had received in his majesty's dominions, and for the fine ship he had presented him with." On the same occasion, Peter made a present to his majesty of "a fine ruby of very great value." On Wednesday, the twentieth of April, he dined at Wimbledon with the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Danby, so celebrated in the reign of Charles the Second, and the father of his friend the Marquis of Caermarthen. On his return to Deptford the same night, he found, "very fine music to divert and serenade him." This was the last night he spent on shore. On Thursday the twenty-first of April, he set sail from Deptford, for Holland, under convoy of two men-of-war—the York and the Greenwich—and three yachts, commanded by Admiral Mitchell. He was detained for some days by contrary winds but at last left England, which he was never to see again. He landed at the Hague sending the Royal Transport yacht to Archangel, from whence (so it was said) he was to carry it by land to the river Tanais. Lord Caermarthen accompanied him as far as Chatham, to whom, however, he did not say farewell without conferring a favour and one of moment. This was the right of importing tobacco into Russia. In the first year he was to consign three thousand hogsheads, in the second five thousand and afterwards six thousand hogsheads yearly. What the marquis made by his monopoly no one has told us.

His physician he left behind him for two months, that he might see Oxford, Cambridge and Bath, and took with him two boys from the mathematical school founded at Christ's Hospital by King Charles the Second, and what the newspapers of the time describe as, "the famous geographical clock made by Mr John Carte, watchmaker, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex Street in the Strand; which clock tells what o'clock it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising or setting throughout the year, its entrance into the signs of the zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the horizon, with several other curious motions." This Peter bought, but the price is not named.

When Admiral Benbow returned to his house at Saye's Court, great was his consternation at finding the unnecessary damage that had been done to it by Peter and his retinue; still greater was the consternation which the author of Sylva expressed when he saw the state to which his far-famed garden had been reduced. Benbow complained to Evelyn, and both Benbow and Evelyn memorialised the lords of the Treasury for compensation for the injuries done. Their joint memorials were referred to the surveyor-general of works, Sir Christopher Wren, and to his majesty's principal gardener, Mr. London, the earliest English gardener of any reputation whose name has reached us. Both reported strongly in favour of the claims for compensation. Evelyn received, "in compensation for the damage done to his house, goods and gardens, at Deptford, by his Czarises majesty and his retinue while they resided there," the sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds seven shillings; and Admiral Benbow received, "for like damage done to his goods," the sum of one hundred and thirty-three pounds two shillings and sixpence. The payments were made by the paymaster of his majesty's works, and are included in his accounts. The in-door habits of Peter and his retinue were, it appears from the estimate of damages, filthy in the extreme.

In the garden at Saye's Court was what Evelyn himself calls an impregnable holly hedge, four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet thick. This fine holly hedge was a source of delight to Peter and his retinue. They made it a point of attack, and were accustomed to amuse themselves by endeavouring to drive a wheelbarrow through it. Peter himself was sometimes in the barrow. Such is the received story, which I can now confirm by Benbow's claim for compensation: his estimate for damages including the sum of one pound for three wheelbarrows broke and lost.

Evelyn was prepared for some damage to his house. "There is a house full of people," his servant writes to him, "and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The king pays for all he has."

London, the gardener, divided his report (it is dated May ninth, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight) under, "what can be repaired and what cannot." The narrow of his report (it is now published for the first time) is as follows:

1. All the grass-work is out of order and broke into holes by their leaping and showing tricks upon it.
2. The bowling-green is in the same condition.
3. All that ground which used to be cultivated for eatable plants is all overgrown with weeds, and is not manured nor cultivated, by reason the Czar would not suffer any men to work when the season offered.
4. The wall-fruit and standard fruit-trees are unpruned.
5. The hedges and wilderness are not cut as they ought to be.
6. The gravel walks are all broke into holes and out of order.

The several observations were made by George London, his Majesty's gardener, and he certifies that to put the garden and plantations in as good repair as they were in before his Czarish Majesty resided there, will require the sum of fifty-five pounds.

GEORGE LONDON.

Great damages are done to the trees and plants, which cannot be repaired, as the breaking the branches of the wall-fruit trees, spoiling two or three of the finest true phillyreas, breaking several hollys and other fine plants.

Any inroad of the Czar Nicholas and all the Russians upon Europe would leave Europe much as the Czar Peter and his retinue left the house and garden at Deptford of the learned and refined John Evelyn. I can hear the laugh of Peter, as with brute force, stimulated by drink, he drove the wheelbarrow, with Prince Menzikoff upon it, into the prickly holly hedge, five feet in thickness.—*Household Words.*

SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Phillips' barn I flow,
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland, set
  With willow, weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among the skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
  In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars,
  I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

AN INTERESTING INHABITANT OF WALLACHIA.

WALLACHIA, so recently one of the seats of war, has, for many years past, exported into western Europe enormous quantities of a little blood-sucking aquatic creature, with the properties of which all, we imagine, are acquainted; many, too, from personal experience: we allude to the leech. We need not say that millions of these creatures are medicinally employed, not only in our island, but in France and over the continent of Europe generally; still, few persons know, or inquire, whence they are obtained. Perhaps, therefore, a little information on this subject may not be unacceptable.

We may then commence by observing that there are two species of leech in medicinal use—one commonly called Hungarian or green leech (*sanguisuga officinalis*)—and the other the German leech, the brown leech, the English leech, etc. (*s. medicinalis*). The former species is chiefly confined to the south-east of Europe, the latter to the west. Before the drainage of the ponds and marshes in our island, the *s. medicinalis* was common, but it is now rare, and we have reason to believe that few or no English leeches are brought at the present time into the market. All are imported, and first pass through the hands of wholesale dealers. They are obtained in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Wallachia. Some years since, the marshes of La Brenne (Pays d'Indre) afforded an extensive supply to France, and a large surplus for exportation; but of late years this resource has greatly diminished, and Wallachia now contributes the produce of her lakes to France, as also to our own country.

Kohl, in his work on "Austria," gives an interesting account of the Wallachian leech fisheries. "On arriving," he says, "at the inn of Teregovd (Tergovist), our host informed me that, if I had come a little earlier, I might have seen a wagon-load of leeches with which a Frenchman had passed through in the morning. He added that he had, for many years, furnished horses for these French leech dealers, and that these objects of traffic (the leeches) were obtained mostly from Wallachia; Hungary being no longer able to supply the demand of Paris for leeches, any more than Vienna for that of beef."

This leech trade is quite a regular business, and the loaded wagons pass from stage to stage through all Hungary, Austria, and Germany, on their direct route to Paris. The French traders are supposed to belong all to one company, some members of which reside in Orsova, where they contrive to get the leeches smuggled in small parcels from Wallachia, whence their free exportation is prohibited. At Orsova they have a large sheet of water in which they collect all they obtain, and from this they transport them to Paris, in the space, it is said, of fourteen days.

The wagons are very artfully constructed to meet the purpose for which they are intended: they are in the form of a huge chest, pierced with holes, and divided inside by a kind of trellis-work, into a great number of compartments, each capable of containing a bag weighing six okkas, that is, sixteen pounds and a half of leeches. This chest is very nicely adjusted on springs to avoid jolting.

The leeches, when first taken from the ponds, are put into the bags, and hung up to dry in the air; for they must not be carried wet. They then, under this treatment, roll themselves up into ball-like masses, and remain in a sort of *torpid state* during the journey. A hundred-weight of leeches costs the French dealer in Orsova four or five hundred florins, and the value of ten or fifteen thousand florins is often carried at one journey.

This trade in leeches is one of the most delicate and critical that can be imagined. Should the weather be very sultry the greater part of the cargo dies on the road, and a frost suddenly coming on is equally fatal; moderately cool weather is that which best agrees with them. In order that there may be no delay on the journey, the traders agree with the peasants of the villages they pass through, or with the landlords of various inns, to have the required number of horses in readiness, and they send some one forward, or make some signal previously agreed on, such as cracking their whips in a particular manner, to announce their arrival. When this is heard, the people hurry out, and have the horses ready on the road by the time the wagon comes up. In many places on the way, as at Baya on the Danube, French traders are settled, who have ponds in which the leeches can be refreshed after the journey, those which have died on the road being previously carefully picked out. Such is the mode in which this sort of merchandise is carried from Wallachia to Paris, where the leeches are often sold for half a florin apiece.

"In some places," says Kohl, "there are regular leech plantations, in which the creatures are bred; these are large ponds, the banks of which are covered with turf, the aromatic reed *calamus aromaticus*—a plant considered to be peculiarly wholesome for them—being often planted there."

Leeches, after being caught, sometimes die by thousands, in spite of all the care taken of them, without any assignable cause. Something, it would appear, depends on the mode of catching them. The French often fish for them with Russian leather, probably smeared with a substance attractive to the leeches, for they fall on and cling to the bait with the utmost eagerness. Others are caught with sieves, which some of the dealers regard as the best method. "Great," says Kohl, "is the trade of leeches in Wallachia and Poland, and formerly in Hungary; but it is now declining there. Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, and the whole north of Germany, are furnished from Poland, and many barrels of them go *viâ* Hamburg to London, where they fetch a much higher price, often five or six times as much as in Berlin." Some idea of the importance of the leech trade may be imagined from the fact, that four only of the principal dealers in London import 7,200,000 annually, while in Paris alone 3,000,000 are annually used.

The growth of leeches is astonishingly slow; in the space of five years their increase of size is scarcely perceptible. With regard to those kept abroad in tanks, it is necessary on the approach of winter to take them from the ponds for fear of frost, and put them into vessels in under-ground cellars, with a layer of clay alternating between every layer of leeches.

Leeches may be kept for a long time without ostensible food; while at the same time their eagerness for blood is a sufficient proof of their natural voracity. In their native ponds or marshes, however, they cannot have many opportunities of attacking man or quadrupeds; and as they do not appear to take solid nutriment, we may suppose that they suck the fluids of decomposing animal bodies, or those of fishes, frogs, water-newts, etc., and also devour microscopic animalcules.

The leech breeders of Bretagne (in France) were in the habit of driving horses and cattle into the ponds in order to give the leeches an opportunity of satisfying themselves with blood; but this was done at the expense of the cattle, which, from a frequent repetition of this depletion, became as meagre and as miserable as the leech-catchers, to whose naked legs, as they wade in their haunts, these creatures adhere in numbers, and are thence detached and secured. But of late years, as intimated, the leech-catcher's occupation in France has greatly fallen off—that country depending, almost as much as England, on foreign supplies.—*Leisure Hour.*

CONDITION OF TURKISH WOMEN.

THE wife is not obliged to undertake any labours beyond the direction of the household. She engages in no trade: those employments which among ourselves are the exclusive property of women, are in Turkey undertaken by the men. Men keep laundries and embroidery shops; men, again, make the antaris and feregis. Sewing and shirt-making are generally done by Jews and Armenians, and the harem slaves go and fetch the work when finished. Thus, then, the existence of woman in Turkey is entirely internal and domestic. Her part within the house is considerable. Without, it is a nullity. She only gazes on the external world; or, if she approaches it, it is without mixing in it. Still tradition, manners, education, all prepare women betimes for this species of life. Betrothed generally when three or four years of age, married at twelve or thirteen, they pass from their mother's harem into that of their husband, resigned beforehand to a constraint which custom has rendered easy to them. The marriage is arranged between the parents without the knowledge of the young people. The latter are not even present at the ceremony: sometimes the husband appears among the witnesses, but the part he plays is quite passive. The parents or guardians stipulate in the name and with the consent of the betrothed, and draw up the contract in the presence of the Imam and the witnesses. The marriage receives no religious consecration. The Imam does not make his appearance as priest, but as a civil magistrate. He inscribes in his register the statement of the marriage, with the conditions agreed on by the various parties: the witnesses affix their seals, which serve instead of signature, and the connubial tie is formed by this simple inscription.

In Turkey the husband dowers the wife; and, as we have said, must supply a separate establishment for each wife. So many wives, so many dowries must be furnished, so many suites of apartments, with their befitting furniture, carriages, servants, slaves, &c. Hence it is not so easy as may be supposed for the children of the Prophet to enjoy the latitude of the law. Few among them are rich enough to permit themselves the luxury of four wives; and those who could have four, finding that one is quite enough, the result is that cases of polygamy are very unfrequent in Turkey. The Osmanli, too poor to marry, buys a slave, who serves him at once as wife and servant, and in this conforms to the text of the law: "The man who is not rich enough to marry honourable and believing women, will take slaves who are believers." If children are born to him, he has the power of legitimatising them, and this act entails, on his death, the enfranchisement of the mother, nor can she be sold or given away in the interval.

There is nothing more simple or barren in incidents than a Turkish marriage. This is nearly what takes place: Esmè has reached her twelfth summer—she has been betrothed since her fourth year to Bekir, who is now eighteen; it is time for them to be united. Bekir does not know Esmè, or at least he has quite forgotten her features since the time she came, a child, to visit his mother. Esmè, on her side, has retained a still more confused notion of Bekir; for this reason she begs her mother, before renewing the contract, to let her see once again his features. The mother consents, and one day, when Bekir is visiting his future papa-in-law, Esmè looks in from behind a lattice. Bekir also is impatient to know the person who is to be his wife. His mother has repeatedly praised her beauty; but can he believe her, when her heart is set on this marriage? He therefore applies to some skilful and discreet old woman, generally a Jewess, whom he requests to make her way by some pretext into Esmè's harem, that she may see her and observe her closely. The ambassadress returns the next day or so, and does not fail to draw the most enticing portrait of the lady she has seen: a moon of beauty, teeth like pearls, eyes resembling two stars, the eyebrows two rainbows. Bekir thanks God and the Prophet; then he pours into the hands of the duenna a handful of bechlips, and sends his future wife baskets or vases filled with flowers, fruit and confectionery.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

THAT the higher classes have within the last half century attained a point of sobriety that may be almost termed unexceptionable, is too notorious to need proof. And if we look at the whole of society, we find that the improvement is steadily working downwards. We must expect improvements to work downwards and to work slowly. It seems often as if the period of a whole generation was devoted to some trifling advance; sometimes improvements are more rapid and more conspicuous; but still, as compared with the life of an individual, the time in which we can hope for any great change must always be long. If we only ask ourselves what are the causes of English drunkenness, independently of our varying climate, and the fascinating pleasure of stimulants, we may see how impossible it is that drunkenness should die out in a year or two, or be blotted out by any legal legerdemain. The foul dwellings of the poor, the want of evening occupation, the neglect of education, the feebleness hitherto displayed by the Church of England in the face of all great difficulties, variations in the price of food, the unsociable manners of English ladies, which prevent the higher classes joining in the amusements of the poorer, the want of places of innocent recreation, these and a great number of other causes promote drunkenness, and they are of a kind that cannot be easily removed. Every day does something to remove them, but they are removed as sand is removed by an encroaching sea; if we watch day by day, we can trace no difference; if we survey the spot once in twenty years we see the shape of the coast has altered.

Every one can do something to diminish drunkenness, because every one can do something to make the poor happier and better. If any one desires to work in the most direct way, he cannot do better than attempt to improve the physical condition of the poor, and especially to give them wholesome and decent homes. "There is something," says Mr. Chadwick, "in the air of the bad parts of London which seems to create the appetite for gin." While men are permitted to breathe this air all their lives, how can we expect the love of strong drink to perish? Any one, again, who helps education attacks intoxication in its very stronghold, for if ignorance is the sure companion of any vice, it is that of drunkenness. Libraries, museums, lectures, good newspapers, cheap periodicals have already done much to elevate the working class, and will do much more. Then, if we teach a man to save money, to feel the pleasure of being the owner of a few pounds in the savings bank, we teach him control, we teach him to abhor the prodigal extravagance which ruins drunkards. And there are bad practices on the part of their employers, which, without calling in the desperate remedy of legislation, we may seek by persuasion and reasoning to do away with. Wages ought not to be paid in public-houses; no one has a right to commit such an injury to his servant as to give him a large sum of money in the face of what is known to be a temptation to him. And shops should be closed early enough to leave unexhausted some of the energies of those who serve in them, otherwise, recourse will infallibly be had to stimulants to quicken the languid circulation and sustain the drooping frame. In short, the indirect ways in which we may attack drunkenness are endless, and nothing can be more certain than that the exertions already made by prudent and benevolent men have had a most salutary effect. The drunkenness of England is not what it was a quarter of a century ago. It is not so great in amount; it is not followed by scenes of such open violence and disorder; it is not watched with so much indifference by poor men and women.

Again, if the working-man is to be withdrawn from the temptation of the public-house, he must have other sources of amusement supplied him. And the best of all amusements is to be found in gatherings in the open air, excursions in parks, woods, fields, where the soothing and sustaining influences of the green earth and blue sky may sink into his soul, and the companionships of those who are dear to him may knit the bonds of family affection. In the two reports to which we have referred, witness after witness testifies to these three points; that where means of recreation in the open air are provided, the working-classes flock there by thousands; that while there they behave with the greatest order and propriety; and that wherever opportunities of enjoying such recreation are given on a scale, and with a frequency to enable us to judge of their general effects, the tastes, habits and manners, of the locality are visibly improved. But as men, especially under an English sky, cannot be always looking at scenery and breathing country air, they must have some amusements suited to a town life and winter evenings. And how this is to be managed the growing love of music may serve to indicate. Books and periodicals and libraries are excellent things, but they do not bring men and women and families together. The first great requisite of all amusements that are to do good, is that they should be of a nature to make it natural for a man to share them with a woman of respectability. A species of recreation may, indeed, be almost pronounced good or not, according as it can be enjoyed by women without injury to their reputation or morals. Music supplies exactly what is wanted. Mr. Hullah, who is one of the greatest benefactors of his country we have now to boast of, has shown how deeply and widely his love of music is seated in the heart of the English populace. We may hope that the time will soon come when large rooms made cheerful by the sound of really good music, and filled with happy family groups of different ranks, may be as common in English towns as on the Continent.—*Westminster Review.*

From The Little Pilgrim.

THE ROPE-WALK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

IN that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
  Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin
Backward down their threads so thin,
  Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
  Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
  All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and re-ascend,
  Gleam the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine,
  By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
  First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
  At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
  And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
  And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
  Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
  As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
  While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again in swift retreat
  Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
  Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows tree!
Breath of Christian charity,
  Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy with his kite,
Gleaming in a sky of light,
  And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and field,
Fowlers with their snares concealed,
  And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
  Anchors dragged through faithless sand;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And with lessening line and lead
  Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
  In that building long and low;
While the wheels go round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
  And the spinners backward go.

THE SIBERIAN SHAMAN.

THE writer from whom we translate the following description of a Shaman is treating of somnambulous ecstasy, and quotes, as instances of it, the conjurers or wizards of Lapland and of Samoyede, and the Shamans of Siberia, who bring themselves into this singular state by artificial means, such as whirling round of the body, especially of the head, accompanied by stunning cries, songs and music. "The condition," says our author, "into which the Shaman brings himself is much more extraordinary than that of the Lapland seer or the Samoyede enchanter: it resembles more what we might imagine the state of an ancient Pythoness, being a kind of convulsive delirium, during which he utters dark and oracular sentences, and remarkable clear seeing, or prophetic sight, takes place. An interesting account of these Shamans is given by a companion of Wrangle, in his expedition to the North Pole, contained in a letter written by Mr. Matinschkin to a friend at Petersburg, dated December, 1829.

This gentleman, after wandering all day by the banks of the Siberian river, Tabalog, sought shelter from the snow (which was beginning to fall, though only the month of August), in a place where he found assembled a great many persons around a Shaman, who was just on the point of commencing his incantations.

By means of one of the company, to whom Mr. M. had lately shown a trifling kindness, and by the promise of some brandy and tobacco, our traveller was permitted to remain and witness the proceedings.

"In the centre of the place a bright fire blazed, around which a circle was marked out by black sheep skins, on which, in slow and measured steps, the Shaman moved round, repeating, at the same time, half aloud, the forms of his incantation. His long, black, bristly hair covered almost completely his red and swollen face, while from under the shaggy eyebrows gleamed a pair of blood-shot eyes. His dress was a long Talar, composed of the skins of animals, and hung from top to bottom with amulets, rhymes, chains, shells, and pieces of iron and copper. In his right hand he held a charm drum in the shape of a tambourin, likewise ornamented with shells. In his left hand was an unbent bow.

"By degrees the flame of fire became extinguished, leaving only the glowing embers, which threw a dim mystic sort of light around. The Shaman threw himself down on the ground; and, after remaining motionless for about five minutes broke out into a melancholy wail, the sound of which was as if it came from different voices. The fire was again kindled, and shot up into a high flame. The Shaman then sprang up, placed one end of the bow on the ground, rested his forehead on the other, and, still holding the bow in his hand, he began to whirl round it, first slowly, and then rapidly. This whirling continued until the very sight of it made me giddy, when suddenly he stood still, and commenced making all manner of figures in the air with his hand without exhibiting the slightest symptoms of giddiness. He then seized his drum, and, in a sort of inspiration, played what seemed to me a sort of melody, while he quickened or slackened his pace, and moved and contracted his body with inconceivable rapidity. The motion of the head was especially striking; it whirled round with a velocity resembling a ball on a string.

"During these operations the Shaman took now and then a mouthful of brandy and a whiff of tobacco, which, at a sign given by him, was handed to him by some one of the bystanders. This and the other operations must at length have stupified him; for he fell suddenly down, and remained rigid and seemingly lifeless. Two of the spectators then approached with large knives in their hands, which they began to whet on each other close to his head. This seemed to bring him again to himself: he renewed his strange wailings, and moved his body slowly and convulsively. The persons who had the knives in their hands raised him up and placed him in an erect posture. His countenance was horrid to look at; the eyes were as if starting from the sockets, and seemed to project out from the head, while his face was crimson all over. He appeared perfectly unconscious, and, except a slight tremour of the body he remained for some minutes without a sign of life.

"He then awoke from his stupor apparently, and supported himself with his right hand on his bow, while, with his left, he swung the drum rapidly round his head with a whirling noise, and then suddenly [illegible] informed was the sign that he was now [illegible] and ready to be questioned. I approached [illegible] stood motionless before me without token of [illegible] eye or countenance while neither my question[s nor his] answers (which were given instantly, without [illegible] reflection) changed in the slightest degree [illegible] of his features. Several of his answers were [illegible] able; others so obscure that none of the interp able to give me them in Russian. When the all had been satisfied, the Shaman again fel sions, accompanied with internal spasms, the ground for about a quarter of an hour." it would appear, took a much shorter time to exit than their entrance; as, for the latter, fou been necessary. Besides their usual mode of —by the chimney—the traveller saw the door the spectators to let them out that way if they

"At length all was finished; the Shaman marks of astonishment in his countenance, awakened out of a deep sleep, finding himself large assembly. He looked at all the people and particularly at Mr. M., whom he seemed for the first time. Mr. M. asked him to expla his dark sayings, but the Shaman only looked a questioning expression of countenance, as i nothing of what had happened, and shook each interrogatory, being utterly oblivious of passed, or of what he had said."

Our author is of opinion that the religious of the dervishes of the present day had, in the same end in view as the demon-conjurati Siberian Shaman, namely, that of inducing a lous cataleptic sleep; but that now, the former ing out their whirling and stupifying operati same extent as was once done, these ceremonies come mere senseless and unmeaning rites; the themselves being now ignorant of the purpose be accomplished by their singular religion Three, however, out of thirty-two orders into Dervishes are divided, the Medeve, the Bediv Rufai, still practise the twirling to a much grea than any of the others; their movements accom a barbarous kind of music, and various other while they call out in a voice of increasing "Allah! Hu!" until, breathless and exhauste Shaman, they fall into a state of utter insensib a few more absurd practices, they are then their chief, "Sheik Ulislam," as he is someti (meaning chief of the True Believers), recover.—A. R. L.—*From Sharpe's London M*

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